NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. V.—No. 39. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858. Four Cents.

A GAME OF "CURLING."

Our Engraving represents a scene in Canada, where a number of admirers of healthful and invigorating exercise, are amusing themselves by playing a game of "Curling," the popular winter pastimes of our Scottish friends. This game, of which frequent descriptions have been given in the CLIPPER, is played upon ice, and affords much enjoyment to participants as well as to spectators. Within the past year or two, several Curling Clubs have been organised in this city, Boston, and elsewhere, and a number of games were played by them last winter.

THE RACE HORSE

BY STONEHENGE.

NO. 2.—BREAKING.

BEFORE ACTUAL BACKING is attempted the saddle should be put on, and it should always be a roomy one at first, well-stuffed and fitting accurately, so as to avoid all painful pressure. The withers, especially, should be closely watched, and if high and thin, the saddle should be proportionally high at the pommel. The roller has been hitherto the only kind of pressure round the chest, but it has gradually been tightened from time to time, so as to prepare the colt for the subsequent use of the girths which are required to retain the saddle in its place. This should be put on at first with the girths quite loose, and with a crupper in addition, because having already worn one, the tail has become accustomed to its use, and it often prevents the saddle from pressing with undue force upon the withers, which are very sensitive and easily made sore. The colt should be walked out and lunged for a day or two with the saddle on before he is mounted, so as to accustom the parts to its presence; and it is even desirable to increase the weight of the saddle, by placing upon it some moderately heavy substance of two or three stones' weight, such as trusses of shot, or the like, gradually making them heavier, but never putting more than the above dead weight upon the saddle. When the colt has thus been thoroughly seasoned, he may be taken out and well lunged till he is tired, still having his saddle on; and during this exercise the breaker will occasionally bear considerable weight upon each stirrup, and flap them against the saddle, with the object of making a noise, to which the colt should be accustomed. It is a very good plan to have a leather surcingle made to go over the saddle, and to attach the buckles for the side-reins to this, instead of having them sewn on to the saddle itself. When all is ready, and the colt is tired, by his lunging, &c., he may be taken into the rubbing-house, as being close to the exercise ground, and their the breaker himself, or one of the lads, may be put upon the saddle, using him, as in all cases in young horses, with great gentleness, and giving him constant encouragement by the hand and voice. Mounting is much better accomplished in the stable than out, and causes much less alarm, because the colt has been always accustomed to be more handled there, and is less inclined, therefore, to resist. The lad, or breaker, should get up and down again several times, and if the colt is good tempered he will generally allow all this to be done without the slightest resistance. In mounting there should be very little spring made, but the lad may hang about the horse, as if fondling him; and bear his weight upon the saddle; then place one foot in, and hang on steadily, when, if this is borne, the weight may be taken off for a minute or two, and then the lad may very gently and insensibly almost raise himself up to the command of the saddle, after which he may steadily turn his leg over, and is then seated. When the lad has sat quietly upon his back for a few minutes, the side-reins having already been buckled to the leather surcingle, two additional reins may be attached for his use, though the chief dependence at first must be placed upon the breaker himself who leads the colt, as before with the cavesson and webbing. With this the mounted colt is now lead out, and walked about for an hour or more; after which he should be returned to the stable, and then the lad should dismount; and on no account should this be attempted at first out of doors, for it has happened that on getting off there has been a fight to get on again, which has resulted in victory to the horse, whereas in the stable it can always be managed, and with the thorough-bred colt it is seldom wanted elsewhere, until he is quite used to it. If there is no stable at hand with a door high and wide enough for this purpose, the colt may be mounted in the paddock, the breaker being very careful to engage his attention, and a third party being on the off-side to assist in keeping the colt straight and the saddle from giving way while the weight is being laid upon the stirrup. Most colts give way at first to this one-sided pressure, but they soon learn to bear up against it, and finally they do not show any annoyance at all. It will be found that any colt may be more readily managed by two people in a roomy stable than by three out of doors, where he is on the look-out for objects of alarm, and is always more ready to show fight; the only difficulty is the getting clear of the door, which should be wide and high; and if it is the contrary, it offers an obstacle to the plan, which must prevent its adoption. The mounted lad should at first sit steadily and patiently still, and should not attempt to use the reins, which might indeed well be dispensed with, but that few riders could balance themselves without holding something. I have found it a good plan to buckle them to the cavesson rather than to the bit, in those cases where the hands of the rider were not very light. The colt on leaving the stable often sets his back up, and perhaps plunges, or attempts to kick which he seldom does in the stable, and less frequently in leaving it than when he is suddenly mounted in the field. If he does this, the breaker should speak severely to him, and either keep down his head or the reverse, according to whether he is attempting to rear or kick. It is for the latter vice only that the rider requires the rein to the bit, as it serves to keep the colt quiet if the bit is suddenly checked when he gets his head down before kicking. But in rearing, the lad is likely to do mischief with it, and on the whole it is better, I think, to avoid all chance of using it improperly, unless the rider is very cautious, and accustomed to the business of colt-breaking. When the colt is quite quiet and submissive, after several days' leading about, the lad may be trusted with the command of the bit, and may have the reins intrusted to him, the breaker still keeping the long webbing attached to the cavesson, and being always prepared to assist the lad, who, however, should now begin to try to turn the colt and stop him at pleasure, taking a rein in each hand, and using them wide apart, with the aid of his voice and heel. As soon as it appears likely that the lad can control his charge the cavesson may be taken off, and the colt placed in a string of horses, which are so steady as not to give occasion by their example for the colt's beginning to plunge. During the course of breaking it is always safer to keep the colt rather under-fed with corn, and until he is able to begin his cantering exercise he will scarcely bear an increase; but much will depend upon his temper; and if he is inclined to fret he will often lose flesh, and will demand more, rather than less, corn than usual. Bad-tempered horses, however, will always require light feeding during breaking, and extra time, as well as care, must be bestowed upon them. This subject is better understood now than it used to be, and fewer horses are spoiled than was formerly the case; still, however, there is often room for improvement, and the number of horses which are mismanaged at this time is by no means small. Thorough-bred horses will not bear bad treatment, in general, though some are certainly of such savage tempers by nature as to require to be cowed; still these are the exceptions, and the vast majority will, by early handling, and cautious tackling and mounting, be broken almost without a single fight or difficulty of any kind. If they find themselves hurt by bit or saddle, or by the crupper occasioning a sore, they show their dislike to the pain by resisting, setting up their backs, and refusing to progress quietly; but, unless there is something wrong, they will submit to being backed and ridden much more readily than the colts of the common breeds, which have seldom had a head stall on their heads till a few days before they are backed? I have more than once ridden thorough-bred colts in tolerable comfort within a week or ten days of their being first bitted; but it is a bad plan, and the longer time their mouths are allowed to become accustomed to the bit the better they ultimately turn out. It will be many months before they are to be depended on under any circumstances; and when they get an increase of corn they are almost sure to attempt some kind of horse-play; but the boys easily contend against this, which is very different from the determined efforts of a colt to dislodge his rider. When all these points are thoroughly accomplished in the breaking it may be said to be terminated, and the training of the two-year-old commences; the only things yet to be learned are the use of the spur and whip, which should never be employed except as a punishment for faults committed; that is to say, they should never be used as an every-day practice, for, though every colt should be accustomed to them, it is very seldom that the opportunity is wanting of administering them for some fault or other.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

IF you have blue eyes, you need not languish; if black eyes, you need not leer; if you have a pretty ancle, there is no necessity to wear short petticoats; if you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting them be long; if you have good teeth, do not laugh for the purpose of showing them; if you have bad ones, by all means shut your mouth, and smile; if you have pretty arms and hands, there can be no objection to your playing on the harp; if you are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry; if you dance well, dance but seldom; if you dance but ill, never dance at all; if you sing well, make no previous excuses; if you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few people are judges of singing, but everyone will be sensible of your desire to please; if you would obtain power, be condescending; but, above all (mark!) if you are asked to be married, say yes, for you may never be asked a second time.

WIT.—A man that has once got his character up for a wit is always sure of a laugh, say what he may. He may utter as much nonsense as he pleases, and all will pass current. No one stops to question the coin of a rich man, but a poor fellow cannot pass a joke or a guinea without its being first examined on both sides. Wit and coin are always doubted with a thread-bare coat.

UNAFFECTED BY PANIC.—"How is coal this morning?" said a purchaser to an Irishman, who was at work in a coal yard. "Black as iver," said Pat.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUVIUS, Philad'a.—"At a social game of cards (poker) the other evening a few knotty questions arose, which I would like disposed of, and solicit your opinion, as wagers have been laid upon the respective results. 1. In playing poker, after your opponent has shown his hand, (*which you acknowledge to be good,*) and removed the stakes, can you claim them, upon *immediately* ascertaining that you have made an error, and that you hold the best hand? 2. A friend made a wager with me, that he could produce '*two pair*' that '*three of a kind*' would not beat, and upon being desired to do so, he showed '*four of a kind,*' saying that they were '*two pair.*' I insisted that in 'poker parlance' '*four of a kind*' could not be called '*two pair,*' and refused to allow the stakeholder to 'fork over' until your opinion was had. *I claim the stakes!* Please decide." 1. If errors were allowed to be thus rectified, *after* the hand had been decided, as stated, the rule might lead to interminable disputes, and leave an opening for unfair practices. Our opinion is that the error was discovered too late to change the result of the game. 2. Four of a kind cannot be called two pair, according to the rules of the game, and consequently you win.

SCULP, Hartford.—1. An answer to the question, "What are strippers?" is contained in an advertisement in last week's CLIPPER, to which we refer you. 2. To nurse the balls is one of the chief points in playing the game of billiards, and consequently would be allowed in any game. It was stipulated, however, in the Phelan and Benjamin match, that there should be no shoving of balls, and that each shot should be made fairly with the point of the cue. In the French game, played by them, which counts but one point for each carom, and where only three balls are used, we doubt very much whether you or any one else could score 25 points. In the four-ball game, the one usually played, we see nothing so marvellous in 100 points being run.

CLIPPER.—It is difficult to say who is the rightful claimant for the championship; when Bradley and Rankin's match was going on, a suggestion was made that the friends of the parties procure a belt, to be awarded to the winner of that fight, and to be held by him until worsted in battle, or until he should refuse a challenge. The suggestion was not acted upon, however, and the winner of that battle retired from all further participation in the prize ring immediately on reaching home. Morrissey, probably, is more deserving of the honor than any other, at present.

SPIDER, Utica.—*All Fours.*—"1. Two persons, B and S, are playing a game of seven-up; B is six; S is five; B deals, and turns up Jack; but S, holding high and low, claims the game. Who wins? 2. Two persons, W and A, are playing a game of seven-up; W is five; A is six; W holds high and low; A holds Jack; A makes his Jack, and claims the game. Who wins?" 1. B wins, by turning up Jack. 2. W wins, high and low scoring before Jack made in play.

RAMROD, Detroit.—It seems to us that a *fete* of such "colossal proportions," and in which so many prominent citizens of Detroit took part, should have been noticed by the Michigan press, but we have seen no mention made of it; and so we have a fear that a hoax may be intended, "just for the fun of the thing." Therefore it is that we have laid your report over, for the present, at least.

RIGHT BOWER, Cold Water, Mich.—1. Ben Caunt beat Nick Ward, and received a belt by subscription. This belt, which was transferrable, he afterwards lost when he was beaten by Bendigo. 2. The first railroad built in the United States was the Quincy and Boston, to convey granite for the Bunker Hill Monument, 1827. 3. A set of good gloves will cost you $5.

FRANKLIN, Philad'a.—"Please state which is the longest vessel, the Persia or Adriatic, as the Illustrated London News says the Persia is the longest, which is disputed here." The Persia is the *longest*, being 390 feet over all, while the Adriatic is 355 feet. The Adriatic, however, is the *largest* steamer afloat, (providing the Leviathan is still on the stocks.)

J. L. A., East Corinth, Me.—We have but little confidence in gift associations generally, believing nine out of ten of them to be swindles. As to the particular one referred to, we know nothing more about it than you do in Maine. Our advice is, however, to hold on to your money, or invest it in something less likely to prove so "permanent" as a lottery.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK THE SECOND.—It was Captain Barclay that performed the feat of walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours, but we are unable to say whether Capt. Barclay, or Col. Berkley, made a wager that he could collect a certain amount of money by travelling through England, playing the bagpipes; the latter was the reputed father of the children spoken of.

SELF-DEFENCE, Philad'a.—Although we have seen notices in the press of the weapon called "knuckle-duster," yet we have never been able to get a glimpse of the weapon itself; and the statement that they are used by seamen, in New York, to a fearful extent, "needs corroboration."

WILLIAM HOCTLIN, Chicago.—We have since thought over your request, and have come to the conclusion that to publish so many names would occupy too much space, and be void of interest to the general reader. You will have observed, also, that the majority of them have already been published in connection with the averages.

KERR.—"A, B, C, and D are playing dominoes; A and C partners against B and D. A leads, B and C play, and D knocks. A is just laying down another piece, when D stops him, and says he made a mistake, and can play. Inform us if D can play that time or not." A not having laid down his piece, D can rectify his mistake, and play.

AMERICAN, Buffalo.—"Your opinion on the following will decide a bet:—when the bells give the alarm of fire, do they ring for water, or not?" They ring for the purpose of notifying firemen and others of the fire, that they may assist in extinguishing it by whatever means they may think most feasible.

WM. BLACKWOOD.—A few years since, this gentleman left here for California, and soon after his arrival there we received a letter announcing his death. Since then, reports have reached Mr. Blackwood's brothers that he is *not* dead, and they will be thankful for any information, from parties who are cognizant of the facts, on this point.

A LOVER OF THE GAME FOWL.—The party owning the fowl lying on his back has a right either to turn him to his feet, or let him remain, as he thinks proper. His opponent has an equal privilege; if he thinks it would be advantageous to him, he can turn the fowl from his back to his feet.

LIGHTNING.—A correspondent at Pittsburgh, a few weeks since, enquired whether the Bashaw Stallion Lightning will stand for service the approaching season. His owner states he will not—but that on the succeeding one he may be found at Morrisville, Bucks county, Pa.

J. CARTWRIGHT.—Mr. Taylor's gun was made by Hollis Sheath, of Birmingham, and imported by T. Reynolds, New York, and cost $50; it is an eight bore gun; and Mr. Taylor shoots with No. 7 shot; he uses elastic felt wads.

A PATRON.—We have been unable to ascertain the particulars of the death of John Gossin, the clown. Perhaps some of our theatrical friends elsewhere will be kind enough to give us the facts, where and when the event took place.

T. P. RAWLINGS, Chicago.—"Fistiana," in its record of the Hyer and Sullivan fight, makes the date Feb. 17, 1849, which is incorrect. The date given by us, viz: Feb. 7, 1849, is correct. Your friend wins the bet.

W. A. S., Philad'a.—"Please inform me if that challenge made by Tom Hyer to fight any man in the world for $10,000, is still open." We presume not.

BOXER, Dayton.—1. The names given by the boxers referred to are assumed. 2. We are unable to give you the longest limits of the corporation of Philadelphia, according to the present consolidation.

SAM BARR, Elizabeth, Pa.—Yankee Sullivan did not, after his fight with Hyer, offer to fight any man in America, including the latter, for a large sum, and no such challenge was published in the CLIPPER.

SAMUEL JORDAN, New Orleans.—Had already published an account of the exhibition, which will account for the omission of yours. Thanks, all the same, however.

J. JACKSON, JR., Amsterdam.—We doubt very much whether they are to be obtained in print, as we have never seen them. We will make inquiry, however, and forward if successful in finding them.

CONSTANT READER, Yonkers.—We published a number of articles on the subject of cocking in our last volume. We may give another series, however, at an early day.

SUBSCRIBER.—Having advertised the dog, according to law, B can sell him to pay expenses. A has no further claim upon the dog afterwards.

H. A. S.—The Orizaba left here in August, 1856, and carried out a number of passengers, but whether any of them were Walker's men we cannot state.

CHUMEY, Albany.—By having the papers properly made out at the Custom House, it is not necessary to retain the old name on the boat; if not, the old name should be kept some where on the vessel.

JAS. DAWSON.—We are unable to decide who is the champion jig dancer now in this country—there are several claimants.

FRIEND, Great Barrington.—You can obtain gaffs from Mr. Woodham, 160 Fulton street; various prices.

WM. LUMLEY, West Philad'a.—If you are in earnest, send a deposit; the other party will cover it at once.

GREGORY, Newark.—Mr. Barkley is at the place advertised; he will probably supply you with the article needed.

W. M., Albany.—1. London has a larger population than Pekin. 2. London is the greatest commercial city in England.

J. S. MARTIN, Chicago.—The execution of Jesse Strang, for the murder of Mr. Whipple, took place in Albany, on the 24th of August, 1827.

CHAMPIONSHIP.—Jack Randall was never champion of England; he was a light weight.

MANY READERS.—You will find the boot question fully answered in the CLIPPER of May 2, 1857.

JENKINS, Philad'a.—We can get you a match by your sending along a forfeit.

DUCK HILL, Chicago.—*All Fours.*—B goes out first, he having played the deuce of trumps, which is low.

ROLANDO, St. John, N. B.—The match was never made, the Pittsburgh party backing out.

H. B. G., Chicago.—Will give attention to the matter soon.

PAUL PRY, Boston.—If the play is to be had we will apprise you.

M. C. AND H. B., Cambridge.—Young Booth never acted in England.

NEWTON, Philad'a.—It is not necessary to have your letter registered.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TRAPPING RATS.—Poughkeepsie, Jan. 9, 1858.—Can you inform me the best way to trap rats, *alive;* what kind of a trap, and what kind of bait to use, and oblige a CONSTANT READER.

TO RESTORE HAIR ON DOGS.—Boston, Jan. 8, 1858.—I have a black and tan terrier, whose beauty is considerably diminished in consequence of several ungainly patches on his body, caused by the hair having been burnt off some six months ago. If you, or your correspondents, can inform me whether or not it is possible to re-produce it, and if so, by what means, you will oblige,

Yours respectfully, MIDDY.

QUAIL.—This bird has latterly become so scarce that you can hardly expect to get them from any quarter the present season. Quails are generally caught in traps in the winter, but as there has been no snow so far, and but little prospect of any, the probability is that but few will be caught. The season, however, is very favorable to the preservation of game, and you may not require them next year, as in all probability they will be abundant. OLD MORTALITY.

STABLE VICES.—A correspondent in your last issue inquires whether there is any cure for the tearing of his blankets by a horse. The practice is very common among horses and cannot be radically cured by any known means. If the horse be tied up closely in the daytime he may forget the practice eventually—but the grand difficulty is in securing him at night when he cannot be so closely secured. The best means I know of is always to have plenty of hay in his rack so that he may amuse himself when he feels mischievously playful. CHESKYER.

RINGBONE.—Ringbone sometimes cures itself after having anchylosed the joint. Some descriptions of horses are more subject to it than others, and I know of no preventive of it but careful usage. The horse's foot is a complicated organ, and ringbone may result from causes beyond our control. J. A. P.

KNUCKLE-DUSTERS.—We find the following paragraph (which seems to have originally appeared in a foreign paper,) travelling the rounds of the American press:

PERUVIANS AND AMERICANS IN LONDON.—Some Peruvian and United States' seaman had a public-house quarrel, in London, and maltreated a policeman who endeavored to suppress the disturbance. The mode of fighting adopted by the Americans is more reprehensible than any thing known in this country. The Peruvians were all armed with knives, dirks, and daggers, and the hands of the United States' men were covered with diabolical weapons, called "knuckle dusters," made of brass, with small and sharp spurs in them, to rake out the eyes, or tear up the flesh of any person struck with them. These infamous things, which are made to closely fit the knuckles, have been used in New York, by American seaman, to a fearful extent, and have also been used as instruments of punishment on board American ships.

Now, although we have been a resident of New York for a number of years, and have been among seamen, as well as other classes of society, yet we have never seen one of these "diabolical weapons, called knuckle dusters," either in "public or private," and the story started abroad that they are used in this city to a fearful extent by American seamen, is rather too tough a yarn to swallow; leastwise in these latitudes. Somebody has been imposing upon our friends "on the other side" another "Arrowsmith sell," and they seem to have bitten at the bait with "malice aforethought." Now, the next question is, to find out the author of this last "diabolical" yarn.

"THE ART PRESERVATIVE OF ALL ARTS," is steadily improving in its various branches, and keeps pace with the fast-increasing demands of the age. Printing in colors is but in its infancy, as yet, but the signs of the times give unmistakable evidence that we, too, with our transatlantic brethren, are on the right track to attain proficiency in this beautiful branch of the art of Printing, and at no distant day its many difficulties will have been mastered. In this connection, we might refer to an illuminated calender, just issued from the printing establishment of Messrs. Phair & Co., of No. 22 Beekman street, and which, we are informed, is the production of the presses belonging to that firm. It is certainly a beautiful specimen of the art, the colors blending together in excellent harmony, and giving evidence of care, discrimination, and good taste.

PRINTERS' NEWS LETTER.—This is the title of a miniature sheet devoted to the interests of printers and publishers. It is published in Philadelphia by Chichester & Co. From the items noticed in the initial number, we extract the following, which will be found applicable to every locality:

OFFICE RULES.

The following Printing Office Rules should be carefully observed by visitors:

1. Enter quietly.
2. Be short.
3. Transact your business.
4. Don't touch anything.
5. Say nothing unnecessary.
6. Engage in no controversy.
7. Don't smoke.
8. Keep six feet from the table.
9. Don't talk to the workmen.
10. Hands off the papers.
11. Eyes off the manuscript and copy.

If you always observe these rules when you go into a Printing Office, you will greatly oblige the printers.

THE BIG DOG.—Mr. Butler, who left here some months since, for England, with the mammoth dog Prince, has returned to New York, having disposed of his dog for $750. The "dog and his master" seem to have had a good time in England, having "been presented at Court," and looked upon with eyes of astonishment and wonder by the "Royal Family, and many of the Nobility." The "dog" at once became a "lion," but conducted himself with becoming modesty, notwithstanding his enlarged proportions.

CRICKET NOTICE.—We have had our attention more than once called to the omission of Mr. Fletcher's name in our table of averages recently given. We plead guilty to the charge, but as the gentleman referred to is well posted in the onerous duties of newspaperdom, it will be needless in us to enter into any explanation, other than to say it was entirely unintentional. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families.

ED. PRICE.—We have received a letter from Mr. Price, expressing thanks for the good feeling evinced towards him by the CLIPPER. Not having permission to publish the document, is our reason for omitting it. He says that "sooner or later it will be proved who is the really guilty party." That the punishment may fall upon the guilty concoctors of the villany, instead of their victim, is our sincere wish.

JOHNNY WALKER AND THE BLACK.—These two have been matched to fight on the 26th of May. We learn by a friend who left England in a steamer which arrived here last week, that Travis was beaten by Jemmy Massey, in a turn up which took place at Nat Langham's a few days previous to the sailing of the steamer.

COUNTING NEWSPAPERS.—New York, January 11th, 1858.—Hearing that Messrs. Green and Stanton, of Brooklyn, have been talking about my counting, I hereby challenge the said parties to count for $50 or $100. If they mean business, send a depesit to the Editor of the CLIPPER. J. KERGAN, Counter of Express.

HEAR! HEAR!!

ONE of the Sabbath journals, for the want of a better subject, treated its readers on Sunday last to a short patent sermon concerning "Folks Who go on Their Muscle," in the course of which the learned writer indulged in sundry flights of fancy, as a sort of seasoning for the savory dish; winding up with a fling at prize fighters, judges, juries, etc. Concerning the men of muscle, he says: "we are quite at the mercy of these unscrupulous beings." Again, he asserts: "you may read of their victims by the score," and mildly asks "if some legislation is not necessary to place prize fighting and prize fighters more immediately within the reach of the ministers of the law?" The gentleman's uneasiness seems to have been occasioned by the recent meeting between John Morrissey and the Benicia Boy, when, it will be remembered, not a single blow was struck on either side. In this same immaculate journal, (which, by-the-by, is published on the Sabbath in direct opposition to the laws made for the better observance of that day,) we find reports of murder cases, robberies, burglaries thefts, &c., and an indelicate report of two young ladies who literally had nothing to wear, yet not a word of comment does the refined and over-fastidious editor vouchsafe to bestow upon such trifles—his venom is totally expended upon "Folks Who go on Their Muscle." Although the writer says "we are at the mercy of these beings, and their victims are counted by the score," yet he fails to name a single victim, or point to a case where prize fighters have ever been the aggressors. It's the old cry over again—down with the prize fighters—no quarter to the musclemen—death to the shoulder hitter. But that dodge is pretty well played out, for it is generally conceded now-a-days, by those who have sense enough to comprehend the subject, that a knowledge of manual defence is not derogatory to a man's character, but, on the contrary, is an accomplishment, useful in more ways than one, and worthy the attention of the rising generation.

Our respected friend of the Sabbath journal referred to "makes us larf consumedly" when he calls for "legislation" for prize fighters. Why, bless your unsophisticated soul there's been too much legislation on that subject already. Did'nt Brother Brooks have an act passed a year or two since? and did'nt Gov. Clark sign it? and did'nt they make such a jumble of the thing that nobody could understand it? Nobody knew what it was all about and it was pronounced to be as unconstitutional and as unmeaningless as the liquor law passed about the same time. No, no—we want legislation, but we want it for the better observance of the Sabbath day; for the prevention of carrying deadly weapons; for the more effectual punishment of murderers and thieves, by whom our cities are now overrun. Give us more legislation, if you will, but let it be of a more practical character. The prize fighter injures no one but himself; if he prefers to meet an adversary openly, and on an equality, with no weapons but his naked fists, is it not much better than to stealthily skulk behind an opponent, or enemy, and cowardly deal him a blow with a knife or pistol? Which of the two most needs legislation? The fact is, our pious friend, as we said before, has been at a loss for a better subject for an editorial in these hard times, (which hard times he doubtless feels rather sensitively just now) and takes up the almost worn-out theme of prize fighting, and pitches into the boys "tremendjuously." And yet we are not vexed at our Sabbath friend—in fact, we rather pity him, and would put him in the way of adding to his circulation if he would only make known his wants instead of villifying our pugilistic friends. We might use our influence to have him take a seat on the judicial bench, where he would have a glorious opportunity to immortalize himself by carrying out the reforms (?) he so zealously advocates, and which he alone seems destined to inaugurate. He would make an "accommodating justice," no doubt, if he had the opportunity, and we must see what can be done to appease the wrath of this "second Daniel."

DECISION IN CRICKET.

NEW YORK VS. ST. GEORGE.

OUR readers will remember that the last match between these parties, which took place on the 9th and 10th of Sept., 1857, was not brought to a satisfactory termination, the former refusing to send their last man in on account of it being after six o'clock, the time agreed upon, on the first day, for cessation of play. This was contrary to the decision of both umpires, who had ordered them to continue, and consequently led to a discussion in reference to the rights of umpires in such a case. We were not appealed to in the matter; consequently, through a wish to retain our character for impartiality, we refrained from commenting on the subject, merely giving the facts as they occurred at the time. Letters were written, we have been informed, to *Bell's Life in London*, but how couched, or answered, we have not learned, until the one annexed was placed in our hands for publication, which, we are informed, is as near as possible a *fac-simile* of the letter sent. In connection with it we also give the answer as rendered in the above named paper, which, we observe, always refrains from publishing the questions, in order, we presume, to keep outsiders in the dark. If any other parties are in possession of answers differing in any way from the annexed, and will send them, with a copy of their letters, we shall take great pleasure in publishing them, hoping that by this course we shall be the means of bringing the matter to a definite settlement. The following is the letter referred to, and the answer of *Bell's Life*, the latter only being published in that paper:

"A match of cricket was played here on the 9th and 10th of Sept. last, between the rival clubs of this city, New York and St. George; it was arranged to draw the stumps at 6 P. M., which was strictly adhered to the first day; on the second, about 10 6 P. M., New York had 44 runs to make, and three wickets to go down; two men well in, one with 18, the other with 15; the bowling *collared*, when one was given "run out," which was considered unfair by many present; the party left the ground without complaining, and another filled his place; at the second ball he too was given out by the same umpire; not knowing what he was given out for, he stopped to inquire, and was told "for a catch;" it is true the wicket-keeper took the ball, but the bowler has since informed me, that the ball was not within two inches of the bat. I immediately walked on the ground, and asked the St. George's umpire the time; he replied "7 past 6;" I then refused to send the last man in, having come to the conclusion that it was either too dark for the umpire to see, or that he was acting unfairly; the questions I would ask are: have the umpires the power to alter the time originally agreed upon, without consulting the managers of the match, and (under the circumstances) was I not justified in refusing to send the last man to the wicket?

JAMES HIGHAM,
Captain of N. Y. Eleven."

ANSWER OF BELL'S LIFE: J. H., N. Y.—Time is time, and the stumps should have been drawn at six o'clock.

A NOVEL FIGHT.—Last Saturday evening, as several sporting members of a Convivial Club held at Mr. Henry Webb's, King Pin Hall, 89 First Avenue, were assembled in the social enjoyment of the "creature comforts" provided by the worthy host, the conversation turned on the pugnacious propensities of game cocks. One gentleman present offered to bet a basket of wine that his bantam rooster could "wallop" the terrier slut belonging to another person present. The wager was eagerly taken, the combatants produced, handlers appointed, and a referee, in the person of Mr. John McMahon, fixed upon. The novel fight commenced, and the greatest amusement was furnished to the spectators, by the different tactics of the opposing parties. The dog seized upon the tail of the "rooster," and pulled him about in every direction; the latter, however, escaped after having "his tail unfolded" in every direction, and made such good use both of his beak and spurs, that would have turned the tide of victory in his favor. By mutual consent the fight was drawn, and the referee, unable to decide which had won the wager, decided that the parties must pay a basket of wine each; a most impartial decision, and which was most rapturously applauded by the company present. It is unnecessary to add, that the remainder of the evening was passed in the most convivial manner possible, a result to which the sparkling nectar constituting the wager, no doubt materially contributed.

THE BIG FIGHT.—The parties to the big fight that did not come off are quietly resting, Morrissey in this city, and the Benicia Boy in Philadelphia, where the latter went last week for the purpose of giving a sparring exhibition, and making the acquaintance of the good folks of that city. The "fancy" are on the look out for a match between these parties, considering it impossible that their differences can be settled without a resort to "Boxiana." The amount to be fought for, $5,000 a side, as proposed by Morrissey, is rather too high in figure for the finances of the "Benicia Boy," at this time, who offers to make the match for $2500 a side. Probably on the return of the latter to New York, arrangements may be concluded to the satisfaction of both parties.

MARRIED VS. SINGLE.—In the event of a match taking place between these parties during the ensuing season, we advise the latter beforehand, to be cautious, as their ranks have recently been considerably weakened by the desertion of one of their number, Mr. H. Wright, son of the veteran, who recently entered into the state matrimonial. We consider his desertion of his companions in arms without notifying them of his intentions decidedly wrong; however, we sincerely hope that his recent contract will prove a happy and advantageous one, and that the wrong already alluded to will be more than made up by his introducing into the cricketing world a multiplicity of Wrights.

THE RING.

PRIZE FIGHT IN CINCINNATI.

Inauguration of Fistiana in the Queen City.

Harry Clark and the German Stag, for $600.

JANUARY 7, 1858.

A PRIZE FIGHT took place on the Queen City Race Track, Cincinnati, on the 7th of January, for $300 a side, the combatants being Harry Clark, of London, and James Winterfield, alias the German Stag, the pedestrian that walked the North Star a few years since. The preliminaries being arranged, and the umpires and time-keeper appointed, Clark shied his tile into the ring, which challenge was as speedily answered by the Stag, and both men, attended by their seconds and the bottle-holders, proceeded to peel for the contest. Clark was seconded by Tom Davis, and John Lazarus, while the Stag was attended by Harry Lazarus and John Monaghan. The Stag had the advantage in weight and height, his weight being over 135 lbs., while Clark kicked the beam at 130, and stood 1½ inches under his antagonist. Both stripped well, although Clark appeared to have the advantage in point of condition, and looked as sleek and hard as one of Powers' marble statues. All being ready for the tourney, time was called, and at once began

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men walked smilingly up to the scratch, when some cautious sparring ensued, each appearing to measure his opponent. The interest of the spectators became intensely excited, as this sort of manœuvering lasted nearly ten minutes. At length Harry let fly with his left, but was cleverly stopped by the Stag. More sparring. The Stag made play with his right, and succeeded in planting a sneezer upon Harry's snuff-box, which was followed by a slight effusion of claret (first blood for the Stag). Harry still smiling, tried it again with the left, but was beautifully stopped. Still sparring, when the Stag hit out and was heavily countered. A rapid rally followed, in which give and take was the order of the day, the Stag having the advantage in rapid hitting, until they got to the ropes, when a struggle ensued and both went down, Harry under.

2. Neither the worse for wear. Harry again made play with his left, but hit short, in return for which he received a stinger under the left ogle, which partially shut up shop. The Stag followed by a heavy draw upon the victualing department, which caused Harry's mug to assume an ugly grin. Harry, more cautious, attempted to draw the Stag, but it was no go. At length he succeeded in placing a right-bander upon the Stag's potato trap, which made the ivories rattle. More sparring, when a nasty one, intended for the Stag's knowledge box, was met by a tremendous convincer from the sledge hammer, right mauly, of the Stag, which resulted in the first knock-down for the latter.

From this to the 15th round the Stag had decidedly the best of the fight, and odds of 3 to 1 were freely offered, with but few takers. At the 16th round Clark appeared to freshen, and it was evident that he had got his second wind, while the Stag, in the 20th round, began to exhibit symptoms of distress. Thus it continued, the gallant fighting and undoubted pluck of Clark imparting renewed confidence to his friends.

In the 40th round it was evident that the Stag's cake was dough; Clark was as brisk as a two year-old colt, while with the other it was bellows to mend and nary a blinker to see with. The 49th round was reached when the Stag fell heavily, and was declared out of time, after a combat which lasted 1h. and 17m.

REMARKS.

This is said to have been the first prize fight that ever took place in Cincinnati, and, although the combatants were but amateurs, yet the pluck and determination evinced by them made the contest well worth witnessing, and being conducted in a quiet orderly manner, the sporting gentry who were present were well pleased with the affair. The Stag seems to be the most showy fighter of the two, but Clark possesses more stamina, and it is to this quality that he is indebted for the victory. From the manly and straightforward manner in which this mill was conducted, Fistiana will be held in greater esteem in the Queen City hereafter.

Clark was ably waited upon by his seconds, and the same may be said of the services rendered the Stag by his attendants. Tom Davis, we understand, has commenced business in Cincinnati.

CARD.—Mr. IZZY LAZARUS, and his two sons, Harry and John, desire us to express their sincere thanks to the gentlemen of Cincinnati, for the liberal patronage they have received from them. They next proceed to Louisville and St. Louis, where they hope to meet some old friends.

A MILL came off at Rock Island, Ill., on the 31st Dec., between Charles Higgins and another named Dorrit. After a fight of three rounds only, Higgins was unable to come to time, and Dorrit was declared the winner.

SPARRING.

DISPUTE ABOUT A CUP.—Lafayette, Ind., January 4, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:*—In consequence of a report circulated in this city, that, at a sparring exhibition given by John Monaghan, in Cincinnati, on some evening during the holidays, Mr. Owen Foy, a sparrer of this city, and one of no mean pretensions, in a set-to with the Birmingham Pet, or some other Pet, made a knock-down of the latter sparrer in such an artistic manner that a silver cup, which was to be presented to the best sparrer of the evening, was decided in Mr. Foy's favor by the judges; but the referee would not consent to let Mr. Foy have the said cup. I ask you for the correctness thereof, and the why and wherefore of the referee's refusal to let Mr. Foy have the cup. As you have the best means of ascertaining the truth of the matter, and as the CLIPPER is the oracle of the "sporting world" in the United States, you will answer us through it, and thereby prevent the same question from being asked again from this quarter. The whole statement comes from Mr. Foy himself, and must be received with considerable allowance.

There are in this city several fine sparrers, among whom I may mention Messrs. Foy, Winter, Dantzinger, Carroll, Summers, Harrison, Hover and Hinds—(the latter is also a running man.) These gentlemen gave an exhibition at Melodeon Hall, in this city, before the holidays—the *first* ever given here, which was well attended.

WABASH.

[We know nothing as to the correctness of the subject in dispute, but if the judges decided in favor of Mr. Foy, the referee, of course, had nothing to say in the matter, and the cup should have been handed over to Foy. Perhaps some of our Cincinnati friends can enlighten us and our correspondent upon the subject—ED. CLIP.]

BOXING IN ST. LOUIS.—Mr. Jas. Hart gave a sparring exhibition in St. Louis, Mo., on the 26th ult., in Concert Hall, which was well attended by some of our best citizens, gentlemen who had never before witnessed an exhibition of the kind, but lovers, however, of any sport tending to the developement of the physical system; and admirers, also, of the manly art of self defence. Mr. Hart had an exhibition on the 19th, when he first arrived in St. Louis; which gave great satisfaccion to those present, and led to this display, an account of which I proceed to give. Among those who kindly volunteered and gave assistance were Young Missouri and Dummey, who proving themselves "some," though quite boys; Messrs. Collins and Bushay; Jack Cope and Virginia Bill—this was a lively set-to, and quite a slashing affair they made of it, Cope proving rather too many guns, however, for his opponent. Jas. Hart, of Boston, and Frank Mason, of St. Louis, next were introduced; this was a fine set-to, displaying great proficiency in the use of the mits, though Hart proved to be too smart for his opponent; Malone, of New York, and Loney, of St. Louis, then followed; Malone, although quite an amateur, displayed a fair knowledge of the science, but not equal to his more skillful opponent; Loney and Young Missouri next gave a capital set-to. The wind up, between Jas. Hart and Mr. Kelly, was a set-to in good style, the superior science of the former being plainly apparent. This exhibition passed off very agreeably, every body appearing well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Jas. Hart is about opening a gymnasium amongst us, having some of our best citizens for his friends, who will "see him through," and we have no doubt of his entire success. Respectfully, R. A. AYRES.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 30, 1857.

BOXING IN DAYTON.—An exhibition was given at Dayton, Ohio, on the 2d inst., by Nobby Clark, and Dutch Sam, supposed to be the first exhibition of the kind ever given in that place. The attendance was fair, considering the circumstances. A number of amateurs of Dayton contributed greatly to the amusement of the spectators, not exactly by their delineations of the science of manual defence, but by their strange antics. The affair was well relished, and Clark, it is said, is about to open a school in Dayton.

REVIVAL OF SPARRING EXHIBITIONS IN BOSTON.—We are gratified to learn that efforts are being made to revive sparring exhibitions, in Boston, and it will depend altogether upon those who have the conduct of such exhibtions, if they remain undisturbed in future. The first one of the season, and the first exhibition in that city in many months, will take place at the Melodeon, on Washington street, near the Boston Theatre, on Tuesday evening, January 26th, the occasion being a complimentary testimonial to Professor W. G. Taylor, by a number of prominent citizens of Boston. No doubt this inauguration of a revival of boxing will be largely attended, and we trust that all present will assist in making the affair well-worthy of repetition.

PHIL. CLARE.—This excellent boxer contemplates giving an exhibition in a couple of weeks, when he promises a rich treat in boxing, having been assured of the assistance of some of the best sparrers in town. The precise time and place of the exhibition will be announced in next week's CLIPPER.

BILL HARRINGTON, one of the boxers of by-gone days, was to have given an exhibition on Tuesday evening last, at Kerrigan's Saloon, White street. It is a long time since Mr. Harrington donned the mits in public.

PEDESTRIANISM.

MICKEY FREE AND THE LYNN BUCK.—Seeing a challenge in the CLIPPER, about four weeks since, purporting to be from Mickey Free, and offering to walk any man in the United States for the sum of $250 a side, to walk on a plank 40 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 3 feet from the floor, he getting on the plank ten hours before the gentleman that would contest against him, I, being matched at that time could not attend to his challenge, but being now at liberty I accept his challenge, and will walk according to his own agreement, for $250 a side. If Mickey Free wants to walk very badly, I will walk him in Boston, inside of two weeks, as I cannot wait any longer. A match can be made at Phil Jones's, Bumstead Court, Boston. P. BUCKLEY, alias LYNN BUCK.

Boston, Jan. 11th, 1858.

GRINDELL ACCEPTS.—A challenge appeared in our last, from Albany, in which an offer was made to run John Grindell. Grindell wishes us to state that he will make a match with the challenger, to run in May next for $500 or $1000 a side, and to toss for the choice of place of running. Or, if this does not suit, he will run him right off, for $300, to toss for choice of track. If either of these propositions suits, let a deposit be forwarded to the CLIPPER, and it will be immediately covered.

RACE FOR A PIG.—A foot race came off in Hazardville, Ct., on Christmas day, for a pig. The distance run was 350 yards, and nine competitors started for the prize. After two false starts, they got off well together, and the race was finished with a hard struggle between the Thompsonville Pet, John Watson, and the Flying Dutchman, of Hazardville, the former proving the winner.

WALKING 108 HOURS.—Alfred Elson, the "London Antelope," is said to have completed the feat of walking 108 consecutive hours, at Hartford, Ct., on Saturday, 9th inst. He commenced walking on the 5th.

T. J. SULLIVAN will run Bill Plunkett, of Boston, five or ten miles, for $50, or more.

AQUATICS.

BOATING MATTERS IN PHILADELPHIA.—Philadelphia, Jan. 9, 1858.—DEAR CLIP:—A long time has elapsed since I last had this pleasure, i. e., a social chat in the columns of—to use a stereotyped expression—your "valuable paper." To talk *boat*, with snow on the ground, and the thermometer at "freze," is, as you doubtless will say, with an ominous shrug of the shoulder—"a bore, worst kind." But to the point. The yachtmen hereaway are by no means idle, as will be seen by a meeting of the Philadelphia Yacht Club, at their rooms, on Christmas eve, to celebrate their recent organization, a new and important feature in aquatics on the Delaware. Some of the most prominent and expert handlers of the craft were "thar." Cap. Megonegal represented his beautiful, but as yet untried yacht, John Mickle, which, we understand, is to carry the Commodore's bunting; Kate Hayes, Cap. Kennedy McCall; Decoy, Cap. Wilkins, and others. The meeting was addressed by the veteran "Donney" on all the important topics of yacht building, modleing, "ruddering," &c., &., ending with a graphic and thrilling narrative of his experience in the *Polar Seas*, and other important marine matters. The sailing qualities of the vessels of the squad, as well as the merits of the many aspiring sailing masters, were then taken up and handled without *gloves*. Sec. Foster held forth as usual in his best octave in espousing the pretensions of the renowned Randolph, of Undine memory, as being the shining light of "boating-dom;" whilst the imaginative "Flem" eloquently romanced on the wonderful "could-have-done's" of the more majestic Lord George. Cap. Wilkins's O—O—was ably sustained by Devine (Andrew Devine) authority, as the great I-Am. The *subject* was then thrown under the table. A more jovial set of "water dogs" never met high and dry to talk "sea hoss," or sip whisky punches. Long may they live to enjoy many such merry makings. By the way, the club is *indebted* (pardon the expression) to friend Gruesenmeyer, for the many palitable *Nick*-nacks of his ample larder, and soul stirring viands.

I find the yachts Wray, Green, Esling, and Decoy, are already preparing to visit your city in June next. A fund for that purpose has been appropriated. Ye fast ones of York must look out for squalls and "heavy dews" about that time.

Messrs. Jones and Hunt have finished their odd but unique skiff Enchantress, 22 feet long, 10 feet beam, and 17 inches rise. She will be launched in the spring. They have also the keel laid for a 26 feet boat, to be finished by April for the opening regatta. R. G. Wilkins has in course of construction a yacht 36 feet long, of *doubtful shape*, which will be completed in a few weeks; also a nondescript, 22 feet long, which will be ready by spring. She is a *queer thing*, and will be christened the Funny. I am told Fish-town will also vomit forth "se-ve-rial" loose bunches of wood, a la Hartranft. Cap. Loper contemplates lengthening his yacht Maggie, giving her an easier run aft. The Delany is to be *improved* forward, making her 56 feet long on deck. The saucy little Delaware will be raised one or two streaks, which will, if possible, make her still faster. Fenimore's new yacht Lilly, 50 feet long, made a trial trip this fall in the Delaware bay, and behaved beautifully; she is a trump card, as all his boats are. Cap. Myers can handle her *some*, too, let me tell your folks. "Skel-e-tones," yea, of unpardonable heft, are all the go here since the great Daw and Glenn match. "They *walk* the water like a thing of life."

What will become of us in this fast age, I leave to those better versed in natural philosophy. For my own part I find myself "going off the handle" every minute of the day;—that we will be able to fly soon I'll be sworn; just to think of a ship at sea making 30 knots, there or thereabouts, or else *not*, in an hour. A trotting "hoss" leaping from Parkinson's Garden, Philadelphia, to Longa-coming, in the Jarseys, in one jump—well there.

I see by the Sunday papers the Decoy yacht club give their first annual ball at Sansom Street Hall, on the 19th of the present month. It will doubtless be well attended. This club is jolly-whole-souled, and the life of yachtingdom, when afloat. Their party will be a pleasant one, my word for it. If you think it would be interesting to your readers, I could furnish you correct accounts of all the most important yacht races that have taken place on the Delaware for the last 20 years, written from notes taken by actual observation by myself at the time they occurred. Of course I can vouch for their being correct and unbiassed.

Pardon this lengthy intrusion, but really it seems *old fashioned* to shake flippers with you once more. By the by, do tell is "Centreboard" still afloat. Be pleased to remember me, as yours truly, FLINTS.

[Those sketches will be acceptable; Centrebroad we have not heard from in an age.—ED CLIP.]

COCKING.

MAIN IN DETROIT.—We had a big day's cock fighting here on the 29th of December, in which some twenty battles were fought, between James Riley and Henry Chappell, the latter coming out victorious. There was some splendid fighting, and the fowls all showed the best of game, with the exception of two, which turned tail and ran away. There are a great many game fowls in this place, and it promises to be a lively spring in the art of cock fighting. Some of the fowls brought to the pit seemed to be in poor condition, and I think there were some fowls fought which would have been hard to whip had they been in proper condition; therefore, I should like some person to give us a little information as to which is the best mode of training and feeding fowls to bring them to the pit in good fighting order; also, let me know through the columns of your paper which is the best place to purchase gaffs, and what are the prices of the same. A LOVER OF GAME FOWLS.

MAIN IN PHILADELPHIA.—A main of cocks was fought at Pat Carroll's pit, in Philadelphia, on New Year's day, between Pat and the Chester County Yorkshire lads, in which Pat got the worst of the fight. The main was to show 15 birds, and fight all that matched—13 out of 15 matched, and the fighting commenced at the top weight, 6 lb. 4 oz. Pat lost the first, and won the second, but lost the next three; he won the sixth, and then lost three, which caused the Yorkshire lads to smile. After the main was over, a few fights took place, each party winning two.

A GO IN ILLINOIS.—On the 31st of December a match was fought at Rock Island, Illinois, between Mr. Curtis's cock Highflyer and Mr. Workman's Silver Sides, which ended in the victory of the former.

BAGATELLE.—Another well contested game of Bagatelle came off at the hotel of Messrs. Ecksteine and Fowler, corner of 7th and Poplar streets, Philadelphia, for a splendid gold watch; five rolls to the game. Quite a number entered for the prize. Below we give a few of the highest rolls:

Johnson	535	Pomroy	559
Fletcher	539	Dan Fletcher	596
R. Moon	549	Ashton	611

CRIBBAGE.—A match game of cribbage was to have been played in Philadelphia, on Tuesday afternoon last, between two celebrated players, at the house of Mr. Miley, 4th-street, above Thompson, for $50 a side.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A match at pigeons has been made between Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. Hartshorn, of Brooklyn, for $100, to come off on Monday next, at Hoboken Meadows. The conditions are, to shoot at 15 birds each, 60 yards boundary, 21 yards rise, and 1¼ oz. shot. The first bird will be trapped at one o'clock. If sufficient subscribers can be obtained, a valuable gold watch and chain will also be shot for by sweepstakes, after the above match is concluded.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—On New Year's day, some good sport at pigeon shooting came off at Mr. Oscar Sandford's, Half-way House, between Jersey City and Newark. The first sweepstakes of six subscribers was won by Mr. Jas. Turner, of New York, killing 11 birds in succession; and a second sweepstakes was won by the same gentleman, killing 7 birds consecutively. Rather "tall shooting" this.

SHOOTING IN NEW JERSEY.—Burlington, Jan. 11, 1858.—FRIEND QUEEN:—Below I give you an account of a shooting match which came off in Bridgeborough, in this county, on Friday last, the 8th inst., between William Seeds, the "Chester Boy," of the former place, and Chas. Adams, of Burlington, both crack shots, for a purse of $50. The conditions were: from a spring trap, 21 yards rise, and 100 yards bounds, to shoot at 20 birds each. The following is a summary of the shooting:

Adams.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—17
Seeds.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—13 out of 17
Which decided the match in favor of Adams, it being impossible for the boy to make a tie of it. SKIP

GREAT EXCITEMENT.—CITY OF READING, Jan. 11th, 1858, 12 o'clock M.—DEAR FRANK: The inclement state of the weather did not dismay the lovers of Pigeon Shooting, who convened with their friends at Neidley's, at 10 o'clock A. M., to decide a trial of skill between E. J. R., of trigger notoriety, and our old friend, Eagle Nipple, of veteran days, and who had retired from the shooting arena, but in consequence of an amicable challenge emanating from his opponent, he kindly accepted. The parties accordingly wended their steps to the Eastern brow of Nevesink Hill, which was most respectably attended by a host of spectators, amidst the pittiless rain which at intervals we were blessed with.

After arranging preliminaries, the first pigeon was trapped for E. J. R. at 11 o'clock. The conditions were to shoot at 5 pigeons each, from ground trap, 21 yards rise, 100 yards fall, 1¼oz. shot, one person to trap for both.

SUMMARY.

E. J. R.....1 1 0 1 0—3 out of 5 | Eagle Nipple..0 1 0 0 0—1 out of 5

Eagle Nipple's first bird struck hard, flew out; also 3d bird struck and lodged in a tree out of bounds 1 foot; bad luck. At this crisis he changed guns—he shot a double-barreled gun with which he had never *before* pulled a trigger. However, the changing of guns did not materially benefit his shooting; *he was doomed to bad luck.* Our advice to him is simply this: to use his own shooting iron. "Alas! alas! we truly feel for thy defeat!" Next in routine will be my fate; hoping through the use of *our old piece* that a better tally will occupy the columns of the CLIPPER than that of my old friend of *heretofore-shooting celebrity*; but alas! such are the vicissitudes of Pigeon Shooting. I almost forgot to inform you that they shot for "a keg of Lager" from the vault of the Eagle Brewery, which is to be served up this evening, including pretzels, &c., of which I should like you to partake.

Respectfully yours, PIGEON FEATHER.

A PRIVATE PIGEON SHOOTING came off (between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock A. M.,) on Friday, the 8th inst., at Neidly's, where the belligerents met accompanied by a few chosen friends to witness a display of skill and superiority of Big Single Guns, ¾ calibres. After adopting rules and regulations for shooting, also selecting judges, &c., they repaired to the scene of action.

The conditions were to shoot at 5 pigeons each from ground trap, 21 yds. rise, 100 yds. fall, one person to trap for both, and to shoot alternately. E. J. R, to use 1 oz. of shot to R. M's., whose charge was to be unlimited; when accordingly they toed the mark; it fell to the lot of E. J. R, who opened the ball, viz: E J. R., 0. 1. 0. 1. 0.—2 out of 5. R. M., 0. 0. 0. 1. 1.—2 out of 5. Resulted in a tie. Thus ended the morning's amusement in the most harmonious manner, and when the parties retired from the field, the general desire (amongst the friends of R. M.,) expressed for another rally between the belligerents. For our part we are at a loss to divine the sad doings of our friend of trigger notoriety, whose heretofore almost unerring aim has rendered him a sure one. His opponent certainly labored under many disadvantages, as this being his first essay at a pigeon-trap, in which he acquitted himself magnanimously (for a disciple of the trigger having arrived at three score years and upwards) on giving occular proofs of his sure aim in feathering all his birds, the only cause to be attributed was too much shot and a "leetle to slow" in covering.

The match alluded to in a former number has not yet been matured between E. J. R, and your humble correspondent; I have substituted my friend Eagle Nipple to *lash him*, and if success does not attend him, consequently I will endeavor to polish him off.

Yours, PIGEON FEATHER.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A pigeon match came off on Friday, the 8th inst., at the Sportsman's Arms, Brooklyn, for three silver cups, which were won by Tomlinson and another gentleman, each killing all their birds.

ANOTHER MATCH.—A pigeon shooting match will take place on Friday, the 15th of January, at the Sportsman's Arms, Third avenue and Ninth streets, Brooklyn, between Mr. Ball and Mr. Tomlinson, for $50 a side, 1¼ ounce of shot, 25 birds each, 21 yards rise, and 80 yards bounds. Shooting to commence at one o'clock precisely. There will also be several sweepstakes after the match is over.

NEW ORLEANS RACES.—The second of January, inst., was the opening day of the winter season on the Metairie Race Course at New Orleans. The published accounts represent that the occasion attracted a large number of sporting notabilities, among whom was the famous Col. Ten Broeck. The track was heavy, and a sprinkling of rain at the outset of the first race cooled the anticipations of the multitude, but there was, after all, a fine afternoon's sport. We clip from the New Orleans Crescent the following summary:

METAIRIE COURSE, N. O., Saturday, Jan. 2.—Sweepstakes for three-year-olds; heats, one mile; subscription, $300; forfeit, $100, with $250 added, provided two or more start; second horse to receive $200 of the bonus.

R. Taylor & Co 's b f. Bonnie Lassie, by imp Glencoe, out of Magdalene, by Medoc..... 1 1
Myers & Moore's b. g. Little Corporal, by imp Glencoe, dam by imp Belshazzar..... 2 2
A. L Bingaman's ch. f. by imp Glencoe, out of Nannie Rhodes, by Wagner..... pd ft
Time, 1:56¾; 1:53¾.

SECOND RACE.—SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three-year olds; heats, two miles; subscription, $300; forfeit, $100, with $500 added, provided two or more start; the second horse to receive $300 of the bonus.

A. L Bingaman's ch f. Eliza Logan, by Frosty, dam by Ruffin, out of Sarah Bladen..... 1 1
D. F. Kenner's b. c Rupee, by Voucher, out of Ha'penny..... 2 2
T J. Well's gr. c Calvert, by imp Yorkshire, out of Reel..... dist
Myers & Moore's ch. f. Eliza Alexander, by John Alexander, dam by Wild Bill..... pd ft
R. Taylor & Co.'s b f. Bonnie Lassie, by imp Glencoe, out of Magdalene, by Medoc..... pd ft
Time, 3:51; 3:53¾.

CANINE.

SPORTING.—Two great handicap rat matches will come off at Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Tuesday evening, January 19th, 1858, and Wednesday evening, January 27th, 1858, when a handsome silver goblet will be given on each occasion to the dog that kills his rats in the shortest time, and the dogs to be fairly handicapped as follows:—Dogs not exceeding twelve pounds weight will kill four rats each; dogs not exceeding sixteen pounds to kill five rats each; and dogs not exceeding twenty-one pounds to kill six rats each; the dog that kills his rats in the shortest time will be awarded with the silver goblet. This handicap rat match is open to all dogs not exceeding twenty one pounds. The bear, "Jenny Lind," will make her appearance on each of these occasions. Six couple of dogs will be allowed to run at the bear, and the dog that shows the gamest will be awarded with a handsome Loadon made collar. H. J.'s Irish brush tailed coon will be run at for a handsome collar, and the dog that draws it in the quickest time will be awarded with the prize. H. J. will show his handsome brace of black tan terriers, acknowledged to be the smallest and handsomest in the country; also, his little dwarf dog, "Lion," only weighing 130 lbs., will have a sociable with any comer. There will be several interesting sets-to with the following dogs:—H. J.'s Major and a Brooklyn dog, Fly and Fanny, Lilley and Lassey; Tinker's slut Fanny and a Brooklyn slut; Sullivan and Panger, Paul and Red Jacket, Cribb and Molineux, Samso and Spring, Tinker and a 32 pounder, Bull and Jack, Coach dog and Lilley, Three-legged Lilley and a 30 pounder.

Silver goblets to be seen at the bar. Rats free. Doors open at half-past seven; to commence killing at eight. Admission on each of these occasions 25 cents.

NOT DEAD.—A correspondent in Philadelphia, who has neglected to append his name, sends us the following communication respecting the match between Young Bounce and Paddy. We give it, without vouching for its correctness:

Philadelphia, Jan. 7, 1858.—A communication in your valuable sporting paper informing the sporting community of the death of Young Bounce is incorrect. Please notify your informant that he is wrong, by stating that Young Bounce is still alive and well, but that the backer of Paddy failed to appear on the night of showing dogs, and the owner of Young Bounce claims the forfeit. He also thinks that he had no right to show Young Bounce to any other parties than the one he made the match with, and when he failed to appear he thinks he has a right to the forfeit. The backer of Paddy says he has nothing to do with the match, and turns it over to other parties without the knowledge of the owner of Young Bounce. Please say whether he can or not, and also who has a right to claim forfeit.

A SPORTSMAN.

[There seems to have been some strange proceedings concerning this match, and as we are not conversant with all the facts, we decline to offer an opinion on the question submitted, at present.—ED. CLIP.]

BOULTON VS. CRIBB.—The fight between these two dogs, for $100, the latter belonging to Mr. James McLaughlin, and the former the property of Mr. McMahon, was decided on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 7th, at Mr Jacob Roome's, 140 Church street. Each dog was limited to 19¾ lbs. weight, and both were in excellent condition; Boulton evidently appearing the stronger and more powerful dog at the weight. Betting was 5 to 4 on the white dog, Boulton. The battle lasted one hour and twelve minutes, during which there was not a turn given, and after one of the gamest and best contested fights witnessed in New York for a long time, was decided in favor of Boulton, who so severely punished his opponent, Cribb, that his owner, to prevent him being killed outright, gave up the fight. To test the gameness of Cribb, after he was restored to consciousness, and sponged, it was resolved to see if he would scratch, and the noble dog, though hardly able to stand, actually crossed over to his antagonist to renew the battle. We are sorry to have to record the death of Cribb from his severe injuries, the same night.

BEN AND BUG.—In reply to that communication in your last, signed "Fancy," that the owner of the dog Bug wishes no dealings with the Ben party or their backers, only with gentlemen, I would say that it is because they made that $50. Mr. William Quandrill, Jr., formerly the owner of dog Bug, repeated time over again that he sold dog Bug for the express purpose of matching him against the dog Ben, because it required the needful. If the Bug party really mean business why did they back out meeting at the White House Refectory, Second street below Callowhill? They were afraid to show their faces. If they wish satisfaction and fair play, which they harp on, the Ben party will give them all they ask for, if they mean business. That is our motto. And we will prove to their satisfaction that the dog Bug is a cur, by socking down the brass.

Yours, A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. John McMahon has a 19¼ lb. dog which he is prepared to match against any other dog in the States of the same weight, for $500 or $1000 a side. He has also a 17¾ lb. dog, which he will fight against any other of the same weight, for either of the above amounts. An answer through the CLIPPER will be attended to.

RATTING AT ROCK ISLAND.—A match at rat killing took place at Ben Smith's, St. Charles Saloon, Rock Island, Ill., on the 31st Dec., between Ben Smith's dog Sport, and Harry Adams' slut Topsy, at 20 rats each, for $25. Topsy killed her rats in two minutes and three seconds, beating Sport four seconds.

A MATCH has been made between John Gerkin's young dog "Cribb," and Harry Jennings's dog "Jim," for $100 a side, on Tuesday evening, January 26th, 1858. The dogs are confined to twenty-three pounds weight, and to fight at Harry Jennings's, 49 Madison street, N. Y., at eight o'clock in the evening. $20 have been received on account of this match.

A FIGHT will shortly come off in Philadelphia, between the dogs Toby and Fairy, for a purse of $75. These two have had a bout before, which lasted over one hour; but in consequence of the handlers not knowing their business, it was declared a draw. We have since heard that, according to the rules, the dog Toby won the fight.

JERRY AND JACK.—James Dugan has matched his dog Jerry, 27 lbs., against James McLaughlin's glasseye dog Jack, lately imported, for $50 a side; to fight on Tuesday, Jan. 26th, at No. 155 First Avenue, between 8 and 9 o'clock, P. M.

CHALLENGE.—I will fight my dog Ben, 30 pounds, against dog Bug, for $300 a side; to fight in New York in four or five weeks from the first deposit. Money and dog ready. GEORGE L. TALLMAN, Owner of dog Ben, 10 and 12 Peg street, Philadelphia.

JERRY AND SANDY.—These two 26 pounders fight on the 16th, at 155 First Avenue, for $50 a side.

CURLING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The New England Curling Club met for their first day's sport, on the 8th inst., at Spot Pond, Medford, Mass. The game was for the District Medal presented to the Club by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland, each player contending single handed, against the others, for its possession.

Lots having been drawn for precedence, the director and an umpire were chosen, and the play proceeded. We append the score:—

John Leishman made...	8 points.	David Miller made...	8 points.
Samuel Gibson " ...	7 "	James Anderson " ...	3 "
Alex. Chisholm " ...	6 "	Charles Mitchell " ...	4 "

Several other members took part in the match, but the above were the parties who made the most noteworthy play.

The possession of the medal, accordingly, fell to Mr. Leishman, the patron of the Club.

After dinner, David Miller, Esq., the President of the Club, presented the medal to the winner, preceding the act with an amusing speech. "The Old Man" made a happy characteristic reply, and slung his trophy around his neck with as much honest pride as if it had been an acknowledgement of Sebastopolic bravery.

After the game the middle aged men played a match against the youngsters, which was won by the seniors—21 against 7.

SPORTING MATTERS IN CONNECTICUT.—Chicopee, Jan 5, 1858.—ED. CLIPPER: *Dear Sir*—Being much attached to those forms of exercise which tend to develops the muscles and invigorate the system, I hope you will feel delighted to hear that such exercise is beginning to flourish in and around this vicinity, and the prospects are that in some not far distant future the song of the cricketer may be heard and reverberated through the valley of the Connecticut. The CLIPPER is admired and thoroughly read, and I hope it may always live to show to those who may peruse it, that nothing is so conducive to longevity as proper exercise and proper food. I have understood that a school is to be organized in this town for the purpose of showing the young men how to use the gloves, and I hope that such a school may be founded and firmly established, as it is of immense benefit to the young Americans who glory in being called the most powerful nation on the face of the globe. A chess club has been started in Springfield, with F. Norton as Secretary and Treasurer, and I am convinced by one of its members that it is in a fair way of distinguishing itself before long. The theatre in Springfield is nightly crowded to its capacity. Its manager, Mr. Fleming, is a gentleman, and deserves the commendation of all. CALEB.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognised sporting authority in America."

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
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BOYLE & WHALEN, 32 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 23 Beekman street.
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BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUNCAN & INGHS, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

THE CASE OF WEST.

IT is now some time since we heard anything relative to the case of Wm. N. West, convicted of the killing of his wife, in Philadelphia. We had hoped that ere this he would have been liberated through the clemency of the chief executive officer of the State of Pennsylvania, but we fear the poverty of Mr. West and those who are inclined to befriend him, has prevented any practical efforts being made to attain that end. To get up petitions, obtain signatures thereto, and have the documents conveyed to the capitol of the State, &c., all entail considerable expense, which West or his friends are unable to meet. Since the conviction of West, two parties have been acquitted of the crime of murder, in Philadelphia, whose guilt was clearly established, but whose more wealthy position, or influential standing in society, enabled them to fight the law with desperate energy, and to win the battle eventually. Those trials, which are fresh in the public mind, resembled, to a certain extent, that of Mr. West. In both of those cases, the wives of the accused had been seduced by men who subsequently paid for the offence with their lives, and that, too, at the hands of the injured husbands. The popular voice sustained the accused parties, and, through the intercession of numerous friends, and the able efforts of well-feed legal advisers, they were acquitted of the crime imputed to them, although it was clearly evident that they were actually guilty. In the case of West, instead of the paramour of his wife being the party upon whom he wreaked his vengeance, West was driven to desperation by the taunts and shameless conduct of his wife, and, in an unguarded moment, he took the life of her who should have been, above all others, his truest friend and companion. For this, West was tried, and although the popular feeling was undoubtedly in his favor, yet the want of funds and influential friends was a serious drawback to his interests, and he was convicted, and sentenced to death. No time has ever been fixed for his execution, the executive, no doubt, having serious misgivings in his own mind whether West is deserving of capital punishment. We see but little, if any, difference in the three cases referred to, and the trials might have terminated in like manner had equal energy been exerted in all. West still remains in confinement in Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, where he has been since his conviction. Were some little efforts used in his behalf, and intercession made for him with the Governor of Pennsylvania, we feel quite confident that the worthy executive would give the matter his careful consideration, which done, we have but little fear for the result. It may be asked why we have interested ourself in this case, and what relation the prisoner bears to sporting interests. We answer by stating that we have always made it a point to espouse the cause of the poor, when our feeble efforts may be rendered of avail in their behalf, because they are most in need, for poverty makes few new friends. We believe Mr. West to have committed the offence charged against him while laboring under a temporary aberation of mind, brought about by the perfidious conduct of those by whom he was surrounded. We do not know Mr. West personally, nor have we ever seen him. As to his connection with sporting interests, we have only to say that we never heard of the man previous to his trial. It was during the trial that he made a few remarks, in the course of which he stated that previous to the unhappy transaction that led to his conviction, he had never handled a murderous weapon, but had ever defended himself, when assaulted, by nature's weapons alone; he prided himself on his knowledge of the manly art of self-defence, and said if less opposition were manifested to this science, there would be less work for the courts. At this point, he was abruptly checked by the court, and ordered to confine his remarks to other subjects; he at once obeyed, and at the close received the sentence of death. We have received a couple of letters from West, extracts from which we may probably give in a week or two. In the meantime, we offer the following poetic effusion, penned in his lonesome cell, by the poor convict:

MOYAMENSING PRISON, PHILADELPHIA,
November 21, 1857.

"Be Calm and Still in Death."

Be still, be still, my throbbing heart,
You wildly beat, in pain;
Cease, O cease, thy stinging smart,
And be thou calm again.

Alas, alas! I strive in vain
To calm thy throbs of woe;
And scalding tears, like summer's rain,
From out thy fountain flow!

Still, O still, you wildly beat;
In anguished pain you start;
No more, no more, will calmness greet
Mine aching, throbbing heart!

Hope, sweet Hope! has fled from thee,
Her beaming smile has waned;
No more, no more, her forth to see,
Or smile to be regained!

She's fled, she's fled! for e'er, away,
And left thee sad and lone,
Throbbing, throbbing, in wild dismay,
In sorrow to atone.

Cease, O cease, thy painful sting,
And hush my sobbing breath:
And dry thy fountain's tearful spring;
Be calm and still in death!

W. N. WEST.

CRICKET STATISTICS.

DEAR CLIPPER—In my communication to you of the 27th ult., I promised to furnish you with a complete report of "Senior's" bowling during the past season, feeling it nothing but your duty to lay before the cricketing community the good deeds of one so deserving of the esteem of all supporters of this noble pastime.

There is no doubt of his superiority to all *professional* bowlers in this country, and were it not that readers of your paper might suppose from your late article that the *gentlemen* bowlers had beaten the *professionals* in the past season, I should not be so minute as I intend to be in the following account of his doings.

In your comparison between the bowlers of the old and new worlds (if a comparison can well be made, the batting in England being so much more formidable than in America) you place Messrs. Barker and Cuyp as the representatives of the United States; whereas had you searched your files, from whence I obtain my own information, you would find that Senior *far excels* either of those gentlemen in the averages of FIRST-RATE matches, and even including the matches played against *eighteens* by Messrs. Barker, Cuyp; and Senior, in his first-rate matches alone equals them, and the inference is, that had he the same opportunities, he would no doubt have given them the go by.

Of the five matches from which Senior's average is taken, four of them are the best matches played in this country, one in Canada, two in New York, and one in Philadelphia (see below); while of the seven matches Mr. Barker played in two were against *sixteen* of Newark, and two against *eighteen* of Albany, *all second class* matches; and of the six in which Mr. Cuyp played, two were against eighteen of Albany, and one against sixteen of Newark, *all second class* matches.

It is well known to every cricketer that these matches are no criterion of good bowling, and if the reader will take the trouble to strike out these *second class* matches from the following figures, and calculate the averages upon *first-rate* matches alone, he will find the veteran "Tom" heads the list *by a long shot.*

The following is a correct account of the different averages:

BARKER.

Matches.	*Balls Bowled.*	*Overs.*	*Runs.*	*Maiden Overs.*	*Wickets.*
New York vs. 16 of Newark, May 25	164	..	19	27	7
	174	..	25	27	9
New York vs. United States, June 8	132	..	24	20	5
	80	..	18	6	2
New York vs. 18 of Albany, July 13	175	..	29	28	5
	107	..	26	12	1
N. Y. vs. St. George, July 22	164	..	60	12	2
New York vs. St. George, Sept. 9	69	..	20	5	4
	167	..	60	16	2
New York vs. 18 of Albany, Sept. 23	112	..	23	13	2
	129	..	22	17	4
New York vs. 16 of Newark, Oct. 5	156	..	23	25	4
	120	..	20	17	3
	1749	437	369	225	50

CUYP.

New York vs. United States, June 8	81	..	20	8	5
	129	..	27	16	5
New York vs. 18 of Albany, July 13	169	..	30	26	8
	283	..	35	32	8
N. Y. vs. St. George, July 22	231	..	69	25	6
United States vs. Canada, Aug. 19	60	..	29	5	0
	40	..	13	3	0
New York vs. 18 of Albany, Sept. 23	136	..	30	14	8
	52	..	18	4	2
New York vs. 16 of Newark, Oct. 5	182	..	40	24	10
	117	..	17	21	12
	1430	357	328	178	64

SENIOR.

N. Y. vs. U. States, June 8	104	..	34	9	3
English vs. Americans, June 11	92	..	8	18	3
	78	..	16	10	9
St. George vs. Philadelphia, June 20	172	..	32	21	3
	94	..	13	14	2
Married vs. Single, Philadelphia, July 4	207	..	35	13	11
Canada vs. United States, Aug. 19	99	..	34	9	3
	36	..	4	7	0
	882	220	176	101	34

The figures, as above, give the result of the averages, as follows:

	Average No. of Runs from each Over.	*Average Balls bowled for each Wicket.*	*Average No. of Runs for each Wicket.*	*Average Wickets per Innings.*
	Over.	*Over.*	*Over.*	*Over.*
Barker	1-68	35-0	7-19	3-13
Cuyp	1-29	22-23	5-8	5-8
Senior	1-45	25-32	5-6	4-4

If an apology is necessary, Mr. Editor, for thus taking up the space of your paper, I can only offer that of one desirous of giving the worthy "Tom" his deserts, and of one who hopes and believes Senior will prove the most unmerciful and wholesale destroyer of hencoops in the States during next season.

Till the sward is again green,
I remain, FELIX.

Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1858.

[Friend Felix seems to have misconstrued our intentions in reference to our late comparisons, averages, &c. We had no idea of depreciating the merits of Mr. Senior as a professional bowler, but on the contrary should have been pleased to have had his figures to make use of, but really we cannot undertake to go through the averages of all the clubs throughout the States, considering that when we have got through with this city our duty in that respect is done, so that the fault of the non-appearance of his figures in time to be available in the instance in question lies not with us. However, with the averages drawn up, as above, it still leaves Cuyp the champion. We didn't claim that for Barker, merely inserting his because they were the next best in our possession.—[ED. CLIP.]

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From London Sporting Journals, to December 24.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

DEC. 22.—Green and Hatton—£15 a side, London.
JAN. 5, 1858.—Tom Sayers and Broome's Novice—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
19.—Keefe and Hartley—£22, London.
26.—Bob Brettle and Bob Travers—£100 a side, London.
26.—Jaques and Smith—£25 a side, Manchester.
27.—Bodger Crutchley and Sam Millard—£50 a side, London.
FEB. 2.—Andrews and Hawkes—£25 a side, London.
9.—Young Broome and Tyson—£25 a side, London.
23.—Crockett and Tyler—£50 a side, London.
MAR. 2.—Bayliss and Keyte—£25 a side, London.
MAY 26.—Bob Travers and Johnny Walker—£100 a side, London.

Fight between George Robinson and David Ingram (of Birmingham), for £25 a Side.

THIS affair came off on Tuesday. The combatants have not gained any notable position among the fistic heroes of the day. Robinson has only once before figured within the ropes with Bos Tyler, which event terminated in a draw. George, who is a lad of color, is brother to the late Jemmy Robinson (the Pnenomenon.) He is a well-made, sturdy fellow, and is endowed with the greatest of all milling attributes—unflinching pluck; and in this passage of arms he was backed by the East Enders, the management being entrusted to Harry Orme of the Jane Shore, Shoreditch. Ingram, who is an off-shoot from the Birmingham school, first made his *debut* in the Ring in 1852, and since that period he has contended six times, the last of these battles being with Jem Brookes, by whom he was defeated. This contest took place on August 19, 1856. In weight the belligerents were confined to 8st 10lb, and the weighing, in pursuance of the articles, took place on Monday at Orme's, when both were found to be well within the stipulated mark, neither exceeding 8st 7lb. It had been arranged that Tweddle and Northumberland Bill should also fight on the same day, so that some good sport was anticipated; but it will be seen that although, as was announced, two separate rings were provided, only the event under discussion took place. The start took place at an early hour from Waterloo Bridge, the muster on board not being a very strong one, owing, no doubt, to the fact of so many having gone by rail, not knowing that any boat had been provided, but owing to a disappointment the whole loss fell upon poor little Jemmy Massey. After a pleasant trip, a debarkation was effected on the Kentish Marshes. Fred Oliver and his assistants lost no time in forming the ring, and when this had been accomplished the combatants threw their castors within the ropes, and were received with general applause. The dark 'un had for his seconds Jemmy Welsh and Bos Tyler, while Jemmy Massey and Sam Simmonds of Birmingham waited on Ingram, who had slightly the advantage of his antagonist in height, although, constitutionally, he did not look anything like so strong and hardy. The friends of the men were confident, and some spirited betting at evens took place.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both placed themselves in excellent attitude, Ingram as usual being light and springy in his action. Robinson, on the contrary, was more steady in his movements. They manœuvred for an opening, Robinson being first to lead, which he did with the left, but short. In return the Brum planted the left on the nob, and after some quick exchanges they closed, when Ingram, after planting on his man in the half-arm hitting, went down on his knees.

2. Robinson, with the left, administered a stinger on the nasal prominence, taking off a small portion of the bark. They now closed, when the Darkey gave a good right-hander on the ribs, and Ingram, to prevent a tussle, got cleverly from his man and went down.

3. Ingram, with effect and precision, planted the left on the listener, and broke ground. Robinson followed up, and after some slight and unimportant exchanges, the Brum slipped down.

4. David home on the left peeper with his ever-busy mawley, and in breaking from his antagonist slipped and fell. On the instant he recovered his equilibrium and renewed the round. In the half-arm fighting they pegged away with the greatest spirit, Ingram having just a shade the best of it, who, as a finish, got from his opponent and went down to avoid the fall.

5. Robinson took the initiative, planted the left with good effect on the nose; but in return napped it in pretty style, David with the left making a treble cannon, one, two, three, in succession being delivered on the nob. As the Brum retreated, George followed, forced the fighting, and in the exchanges got on the dial twice in heavy style, when Ingram went to grass.

6. Robinson out of distance with the left, when, as Ingram shifted his position, he dashed at him in an impetuous manner. This brought the combatants to the ropes, when Ingram caught his man round the waist, and held him until George extricated himself after a severe struggle, and Ingram slipped down.

7. Ingram, in a well-delivered one, two, got on the head and left eye, and in breaking from his antagonist slipped down.

8. This was a very well fought round. The exchanges were well and effectively delivered, both doing execution on the nob. In the close they fibbed each other heavily, and, as a finish, went to grass in a harmless fall.

9. Robinson short with the left, and in the counter-hitting Ingram administered on the dial. The dark 'un fought with unflinching resolution, and in the struggle they saluted mother earth together, Robinson having just a shade the best of it.

10. Ingram gave a pretty left-handed hit on the ear, and as the Black came dashing in, countered heavily with him, and then to avoid the close went to grass.

11. David's left stopped in the most artistic manner. A sharp and merry rally round the ring, when Robinson caught his man a heavy left-handed thwack on the side of the head and knocked him clean off his pins.

12. Robinson settled to work, and after some rapid exchanges the Brum went down.

13. Ingram, who had evidently not yet shaken off the effect of the rasper he had received on the knowledge box, was slow to time, but no sooner did he face his antagonist than Robinson forced the fighting. In some telling counters he got well home, and then tried to close, but Ingram went down.

14. Heavy exchanges with both mawleys, Ingram doing further execution on the damaged peeper, and then, as Robinson rushed at him, slipped and fell.

15. Ingram on the tater trap, and then, as George impetuously dashed at him to force the fighting, he went to grass.

16. Slight exchanges, when Robinson, after getting close, planted a rib bender with the right, and the Brum went down.

17. In the counter-hitting both got home with effect, and in a rally they closed at the ropes, when George again gave the right on the body, and in the fall both went down.

18. Some pretty exchanges, in which Ingram got home on the dial with effect, Robinson, as the Brum retreated, followed with unflinching resolution, and again got right on the ribs, when Ingram slipped down.

19. After some manœuvring Robinson dashed out the left on the mouth; the claret immediately began to flow, when Davy went down.

20. George rattled to his man, made the fighting, and, after some good exchanges, Ingram went down.

21. Rapid fighting, though not of an effective description, and the Brum, as usual, down.

24. Robinson planted a stinger on the snout. In a slashing rally the men fought in the most plucky style to a close, when Ingram, after napping it on the ribs, went down.

23. Robinson's left peeper fast closing, and Ingram's nob also bore unmistakeable marks of punishment. In leading George delivered full on the conk, but in return got it heavily on the head. Robinson dashed to close, but Ingram slipped down.

24. Good exchanges in favor of the Brum, who slipped from his opponent, and got down to avoid.

From this to the thirty-sixth round the fight proceeded without any decided superiority being obtained on either side, when a most unwelcome change was experienced; for the police were seen in the distance, making for the ring. A suspension of hostilities became inevitable. The day was still young, as the combatants had only been fighting 58 minutes, and it was resolved that the ring should again be pitched on another well known spot. All again got on board the vessel with the utmost expedition, and by the time the combatants had entered the second ring, and were in readiness to renew hostilities it wanted exactly 18 minutes to three o'clock, so that it was imagined that there would yet be plenty of time to bring the event to a satisfactory issue. The partisans of both were confident, particularly Robinson's, who stated that their man must have won had it not been for the unfortunate inteference of the police, as he was much the stronger. In our opinion there was not, when they entered the ring, a pin's choice between them, the rest having done, the Brum all the good imaginable. Having above gone into details respecting the battle, we shall not attempt to describe the seventeen additional rounds fought in the second ring. Suffice it to say that the battle was re-commenced in the most spirited manner, some of the bouts being of a rattling description. Still, on the whole, no decisive advantage was obtained on the part of either, and the combatants may be said to have fought to a complete stand-still, as for the last three of the above-mentioned rounds they did nothing more than to stand and look at one another with their blankets on. The sequel of this is soon explained. Ingram now was undoubtedly in "queer-street," while Robinson had, while fighting, done some injury to his left mawley, and was by no means anxious to force the fighting. It was apparent that there would be no finish that day, so that the referee got into the ring to see what arrangements could be made for another meeting. Ingram's friends wanted to renew the contest on the following day; but this was objected to, although Robinson's backers would have consented to a fresh meeting on Saturday. To state what was said *pro* and *con*, relative to the matter, would be useless, and we have only to remark that it was at length agreed to draw the stakes. Ingram, though a quick and rapid fighter, is not by any means a punishing hitter; while the manner in which he got down in the present tourney was often only just within the rules, so as to prevent a decided appeal being made. Robinson is a game, sturdy little fellow; still we think he did not come up to the high opinion entertained of him as regards milling qualifications. The contest lasted altogether 106 minutes. In conclusion, we may state that all bets are drawn. We understand the friends of both men have agreed to pay them for their colors.

TWEDDLE AND NORTHUMBERLAND BILL.—These men were to have fought on the same ground as the above men, and when the ring was pitched Bill declined to fight, unless our representative acted as referee. It was while the men were endeavoring to effect some arrangement that the blues put in an appearance, and not content with putting to flight the would-be combatants, walked off with a new set of ropes and stakes, provided by Tom Oliver for the occasion. These were unwisely followed by Charley Mallett to Woolwich, where, to his astonishment, he was apprehended for obstructing the police, and has been since fined £5, or default committed to Wandsworth House of Correction for two months. His friends have since paid the fine. We must now recur to Tweddle and his opponent. These men accompanied Robinson and Ingram to the scene of their second meeting, when Bill declined to fight unless the same referee officiated as was acting for Ingram and Robinson. Afterwards some conversation ensued between them, their backers, and our representative, which ultimately resulted in an agreement to meet on Thursday at the same place and fight it out. On Thursday, accordingly, Tweddle put in an appearance, and waited in the ring for some hours, but Bill did not appear, for the best of all reasons, that he remained in town and was at our office at the very time it had been arranged the men should be in the ring. On our asking how it was he had not gone down, he first of all said he did not know any day had been appointed for a meeting, but on our calling to his recollection a conversation he had with a gentleman on Tuesday night, in which he stated it had been agreed they should fight on Thursday, he shifted his tactics and declared the agreement had been made without his concurrence by Alec Keene. He made several other statements which only tended to convince us that he was perfectly aware of the arrangement that had been made, and that on Tuesday evening had no objection to it. That he afterwards altered his intention is certain, for we know positively that he was drinking and living as if not in training on Tuesday night and Wednesday, and when he called on us on Thursday he looked in anything but fit condition to fight. We have since ascertained that he met Tweddle at Jem Parish's on Wednesday, and they were in the room together for some time, in company with friends of both parties, who talked over the intended meeting, so that Master Bill had ample opportunity for telling Tweddle he did not intend going on Thursday, had he been so minded. It is perfectly obvious that he could not have intended fighting, and our course is clear to give the money to Bob Tweddle.

The Championship.

TOM SAYERS AND BILL BENJAMIN.—The next deposit of £20 a side for this important event is to be made at Jemmy Massey's, Crown, Cranborne passage, on Wednesday next, when doubtless there will be a strong muster. The final deposit of £30 a side has not yet been arranged.

PADDOCK AND SAYERS.—Tom Paddock and Alec Keene, his backer, called on us this week, to express their belief that a champion was bound by the rules of the P. B. A., to fight for the maximum stake of £100 a side instead of £200, as originally fixed. They stated that a rule to that effect was passed at Saville House. We at the time did not recollect such an alteration, and we have since searched our memoranda of the meetings of the association without finding a note of it. We have also consulted some of the committee, none of whom recollect it; but one gentleman states that he remembers such a propesition being mooted, but rejected by a majority of pugilists present. Tom Paddock says, that owing to his late illness his friends have been so much reduced that he fears he cannot raise £200 to go on with his match with Sayers, much as he would wish to do so. He hopes Tom will, to oblige him, come down a peg, and fight for £100 a side, and leave it open for £200. If Sayers will not consent to this, we trust Paddock may still possess friends and admirers of his staunch pluck and determination, who will stand by him in his dilemma, and help him out of his difficulty.

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.—GREEN AND HATTON.—These lads, Plantagenet Green and Jesse Hatton, fight for £15 a side on Tuesday, on the Home Circuit, at catch weight.

A MERRY LITTLE MILL came off at Coalhouse Point between Jack Lane and Ned Isaacs, for £5 a side, when Isaacs was declared the winner after one hour's hard fighting.

JOHNNY WALKER AND BOB TRAVERS.—A match has been made at Nat Langham's, between Bob Travers and Johnny Walker, to fight for £100 a side, on the 26th of May next. £5 a side was staked, and the next, of £15 a side, is to be made on the 7th of January, when the future deposits are to be settled. The match is left open to be increased to £200 a side.

AQUATICS.

SKIFF RACE BETWEEN BROWN AND CAMPBELL.—This scullers race came off on Thursday last, on the Clyde from Dumbarton to Bowling, a distance of three miles and a half, for £50 a side. There was not much betting on the event, and what there was varied from evens to 2 to 1 on Campbell. Brown was trained by the veteran Harry Clasper, at Lang Bank, opposite Dumbarton Castle, and rowed in a new boat built by him for the occasion. Campbell trained at Alexandria, on Loch Lomond, under the careful superintendence of John Mackinney, of Richmond, and rowed in a boat built by F. B. M'Neil, of Glasgow, and in which he won the late race on Loch Lomond.

Both appeared to be in excellent condition. The Venus steamboat was chartered for the occasion, and carried over 300 eager spectators to the scene of action, and among them H. Clasper, umpire for Brown, and M'Neil umpire for Campbell, while the captain (M'Kellor) acted as referee. Precisely at half-past twelve they were started by the keeper of the Garmile Light House, and, after one false attempt, they got away in splendid style, and an even and excellent contest ensued for about a mile, after which Campbell began gradually to creep in front, and eventually came to the winning place about 100 yards ahead of his opponent, who rowed gamely, and gave him no rest to the finish. The proceeds of the steamboat, after deducting expenses, amounted to £9 10s, which are to be handed over to the losing man. The stakes shall be sent, as directed, on Tuesday next, deducting 15s, the amount subscribed for Captain Allock's testimonial, by Messrs. Bagnal, Johnston, and M'Neil.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SIX MILES WALKING MATCH.—The six miles walking match between John Mason of Newgate Market and Thomas Underwood of Blackfriars, for £5 a side, came off on Tuesday last at Garratt-lane, Wandsworth. The day was exceedingly fine, but the attendance of spectators meagre in the extreme. Underwood has walked in many matches during the last two or three years with varied success, but Mason has not exhibited his pedestrian abilities since the palmy days of the old "Cope," his last match being with Bill Plummer at that place about five years ago, the distance walked on which occasion was seven miles, and though Mason gave his opponent half a minute start, yet he proved the winner by about one hundred yards. On Tuesday Mason was the decided favorite at 3 to 2, at which figure a tidy amount of the ready changed hands. After toeing the scratch for a very short period, the men shot away together, Mason with a very slight advantage, which he gradually increased, and the termination of the first lap saw him about two yards in advance of his adversary; as the match proceeded, so did the gap between the contending parties increase, and at the end of the first mile Mason held the lead by eight yards. Time, 8 min. 58 sec. When three miles had been traversed Mason had outstripped his rival by at least one hundred yards. Time, 31 min. At the finale of the 13th lap, Underwood, seeing no chance of success, gave in. Mason, who had performed that distance—four miles and a lap—in 48 minutes, went over the remainder of his task at his leisure. We have seen Underwood walk frequently, but never saw him so slow a pacer as on this occasion; much disapprobation was manifested by the spectators, and the name of a gentleman called "Barney" repeatedly vociferated.

THE CHRISTMAS BURLESQES AND PANTOMIMES.

From the London Era.

AT this moment every theatre in the metropolis presents a scene of bustle and activity of which those who are not initiated into the mysteries behind the scenes can form but a very faint conception. Hundreds of scene-painters, carpenters, property-men, ccotumiers, and pantomimists are every hour throughout the day, and often throughout the night, industriously employed in their various departments, and money is lavishly flowing out of every treasury to return only in the form of tons weight of gold and silver foil, and miles of gold and silver tissue. Now is it that stage managers have no rest, and give up going to bed as a superfluous luxury that they have no time to indulge in, and Clowns and Sprites are tumbling in and out of entrances all day to keep themselves in practice, and, as there next door neighbors believe privately soaking themselves in oil all night to prevent their limbs from growing stiff again. Now do youthful inquirers, mindful of past enjoyments of the kind, and eager for the promised ones to come, anxiously await the promulgation of the long-looked-for title in the bill, and allay their burning curiosity by feverishly devouring every syllable of the programme as soon as published. Now do they feast their imagination with phantom visions of what inhabitants are to be found in the "Regions of King Rum-ti-tum," and what is likely to be the great effect in the "Prismatic Palace of the Queen of the Rainbow." Now do they anticipate great fun from the welcome appearance of such suggestive lines as "the Woodenhead Guards of the Emperor Glumpyglum," or "the Roleypoley retainers of Prince Plumpudding!" and to the minutest detail of how a policeman is personified by one "Mr. Knockemdown," or a baker by "Mr. Shortcrust," all is eagerly swallowed with open mouth, and regarded with wondering eyes, by those for whose especial delectation these expensive Christmas treats are presumed to be prepared. Now is it that we make our annual acquaintance with those good fairies who have wands of gold and gifts of wishes—with those dire ogres who stamp along in seven-league boots, those vast fellows, the giants of true Cornish growth, whose heads might reach forth above the roof of the theatre and outtop the tallest chimney that ever belched forth its black smoke in the cottonopolis—those grotesque dwarfs that appear on the battlements of enchanted castles, winding enchanted horns—those beautiful princesses who pine within their mystic walls—those beasts who are princes in disguise—and those other princes of a fiery, jealous, and revengeful turn of mind, and who behave as if they were beasts in reality. Now is it that we again renew our old friendship with those early friends of our youth, the true heroes of the Arabian Nights, the genii bottled up in submarine vases from the East, or those goblin elves that live in underground palaces beneath the roots of the Hartz pines and the oaks of the Brocken. Now is it that we see Cinderella's coach sliced from pumpkins visibly brought before the eye, illumined by Aladdin's lamp, and near unto the fairy beanstalk beside which is the roc's egg of Sinbad the Sailor. The jar in which Morgiana boiled one of the memorable Forty Thieves appears again with the purse of Fortunatus and Fortunio's wishing cap, and in the Fairy Banou's tent we behold Prince Camaralzaman with the one-eyed Calendar talking to Prince Pepin. Puss-in-Boots, who "killed no more mice after he became a great lord, except for his own amusement," is brought to life again with the White Cat, and that other cat that is the cat of no less a personage than Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. And the Sleeping Beauty, and that other Beauty, linked with the never-to-be-forgotten Beast, walks before us with Valentine and Orson; whilst Tom Thumb, borne by the enchanter Merlin, and scorning the perils of the red cow's mouth, heralds a procession which has Little Goody Two-shoes, Mother Bunch, and Gulliver and his train from Lilliput to bring up the rear. A rush of wings, and Peter Wilkins and the flying Indians rush by, whilst Robinson Crusoe, the immortal mortal—object of many a boy's waking sympathies and sleeping dreams—comes amid the glitter of fairyland gold and the ringing of fairyland bridles, with the vision of Man Friday and a goat's-hair umbrella, with a green parrot and a rusty axe. Verily, by these tales, thus put forth, a child's best impulses are awakened, its sympathies are stirred, and we will answer for it in his future life that the man will often think with gratitude and affection of those wildly imaginative beings that, beheld through the medium of the theatre, were indissolubly linked with his childhood's reminiscences of half-forgotten yet happy days when he cared not for stern criticism, knew neither care nor toil, and when a laugh was as easily raised by the grotesque oddity of a Baron Munchausen as a tear was drawn by the sad fate of the Babes in the Wood.

And so, success to Pantomimes, and to the train of Christmas sports in which they so proudly and prominently mingle! They serve to flush the choked-up channels of thought with the refreshing tide of imagination, and gladden the heart of humanity at a time when it needs gladdening most.

ITEMS OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

HAVING had a good deal of experience in the rearing of dogs, I have an idea that no dog (either high bred or low bred) has any business to take distemper, merely because he happens to be a dog. It is all out of spite he takes it, just to show his master that he has been either improperly fed or housed. Feed your dogs therefore, till nearly a twelvemonth old, on bread and milk, or poridge and milk, and keep them free from damp, and there is little chance of their being affected by distemper. Should they be so affected (most likely from infection) then they are old enough and strong enough to withstand its effects. With regard to medical treatment, put them in a warm corner in the kitchen, and let them stay there; give them milk and bread, and do nothing more—(except a seton in the neck, if the head is much affected. Only one of my dogs ever required the seton, and he was very ill with the disease when I got him.) I have seen vaccination used several times, but cannot speak much in its favor. It certainly does no harm.—O. S.

Vaccination, as a *preventive* of distemper, is of no use whatever; to be productive of good results, it must be performed about a week or a fortnight after the dog sickens.—J. B. N.

In a case of distemper "Canis" should first give tartar emetic and calomel, in order to cause the animal to vomit, to clear the secretions and to reduce the inflammatory symptoms always present in the early stage of this malady. If the animal in the latter stages has fits, put a seton behind the poll or behind each ear. With humble submission to "Scrutator" and "Long Tom," I would never bleed, finding that tartar emetic will reduce inflammation and not weaken restorative power, nor leave the animal, after the inflammation has subsided, in as weak condition as after blood letting. After the inflammatory symptoms have abated feed the animal on sweet wholesome food—well-cooked horse-flesh with oatmeal-cake. Keep the animal in a warm room and let him lie on blankets; give him warm baths twice a day, and give every possible attention to his general wants. Good nursing is the chief feature to be attended to in reducing this disastrous malady.—PAN.

I have been a canine fancier and breeder for many years, and the following observations are the result of practical experience—an ingredient that, I regret to say, enters but little into the majority of essays on canine pathology that I have met with. It is difficult to define distemper; many deaths are attributed to it that are merely caused by the most shameful neglect. As a preventative of pure distemper, which will occur in spite of the greatest care, I have hitherto found vaccination unfailing. The disease has either never shown itself, or has done so in such a modified form as to be easily treated. The first essay I made of vaccination was on a litter of Italian greyhounds; rather ticklish animals to deal with at any time, but more than ever as pups. The bitch had several litters of apparently healthy pups, but all died of distemper under the twelvemonth. The litter of the above bitch, on which I tried vaccination for the first time, consisted of six fine whelps; four of them, at the earnest recommendation of an experienced fancier, I vaccinated, the other two I left to nature. Now, mark the sequel, these two died at eight months' old of pure distemper, the others all survived; two of them showed distemper slightly at ten months' old, the others not at all. I have at present the heaviest bred bull-dog in London. I neglected to vaccinate his sire, and he died at twenty months' old of distemper in its most virulent form. I had refused five and twenty guineas for him shortly before his death. I used every endeavor to save him, but in vain. I vaccinated my present bull-dog at two months' old. He is now above a twelvemonth, and has hitherto shown no sign of distemper, nor do I expect that he will do so. I usually get my lymph from a medical friend, and vaccinate by means of an incision on the neck of the puppy, which I have never known to fail when properly done. I used to make an incision inside the flap of the ear, but found that frequently the matter did not take.—CYNIC.

SADDLES VS. BACKS.

I HAD, some years ago, a very good hunter that was always getting a sore back, just under the seat of the saddle, and about five inches on each side of the spine, (not on the spine.) I supposed the reason to be friction of the flannel against the short-clipped coat; and, the horse being very pleasant in a slow trot, I used to ride him a great deal at six miles an hour, not rising from his back, but just lolling back in the saddle. After trying every sort of expedient, I found that having the back part of the saddle lined with common basil leather did away with the friction, and for five years of hard work I never had a sore back, though before I could not keep his back sound a fortnight. A very good plan to keep saddles light and prevent moth is to stuff them with curled horsehair, and cover them with chamois leather: no moth, no increase of weight, always cool to their backs, and clean. But you should have a saddle cloth under, as when the whole saddle is covered with leather two slippery surfaces are opposed to each other, and it does not keep quite so firm; with a saddle cloth it answers admirably.—[BRUSH.

WILD FOWL.

IT is extremely laborious on the part of a servant, in her culinary occupation, to dispossess the generality of that closely-adhesive down which is peculiar to them. The most effectual plan to adopt with regard to this difficulty is to immerse the birds, when divested of their feathers, in scalding water. Allow them to remain therein for about two minutes. Have at hand some finely-powdered resin, and, by the application of the hand, with the use of the latter rubbed over the flesh of the fowl, the whole of the down will be removed, and expose the birds as delicately portrayed as would a sucking pig under a similar application. This method is extremely simple, and saves much time and trouble.—[A. B.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A VERY important paper on canine madness has been read at the Flanders' Agricultural Society, and printed, in which it is clearly shown that this malady is so rare that it need excite no anxiety, the affliction mistaken for it being caused by an impression on the mind caused too often by the false alarms spread abroad by the public papers. The author strongly recommends a practice, which in Prussia is enforced by law, namely, that when any person be bitten by a suspected rabid dog the master of the dog shall be bound to chain him up, and is not allowed to kill him. By this means the dog usually recovers, and the mind of the bitten person is relieved from a dangerous anxiety.

WATER PROOF.

To make boots water-proof, melt three ounces each of resin and beeswax, and stir in one pint of boiled oil and heat all well together; when partly cool add three ounces of turpentine. Apply hot with a brush.

A POINTED JOKE.

A SPORTSMAN, by touching his horse near the withers with his whip, taught him to kneel immediately. When shooting, and a dog came to the point, he made the horse kneel, and persuaded those present that the horse was an excellent pointer. A gentleman having purchased the gelding, was fording the river with him, when, having touched his withers, he was true to the touch—down he dropped in the stream, and soused his new master in the water. The latter, in a great passion, asked the former owner what he meant by selling him a horse that played him such a trick in the water?

"Oh!" said the other, "you bought him as a pointer, and at the time he went on his knees he was pointing a salmon."

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

TERRIFIC SLASHING.

THE following terrible account of a duel in the United States is no work of fiction, but the history of an actual occurrence that took place in a public tavern some years ago, and amidst a number of witnesses:

To make the story intelligible, it should be premised that a swaggering slave-holding man, calling himself colonel, one of those ruffianly bullies that occasionally infest society, on entering a tavern, swore that he would raise a fight, and, in order to do so, walked quietly up to a young man in the company, and, after listening to some private conversation between himself and a friend, deliberately told him that he was a liar and a coward. A challenge to fight a duel was the consequence, and the awful narrative that follows discloses the frenzied mode of fighting and the result of the fight.

Reconciliation being found impossible, and all the ordinary modes of fighting a duel being rejected, a new proposition was made; it was this—that in order to disarm one of the parties of his decided advantage as a duellist, and to prevent the other, as far as possible, from being butchered, as well as wantonly insulted, and, in short, to place both upon as perfect an equality as possible, the following articles should be agreed to:

"That the landlord should give up the use of a large empty room, which extended over the whole top of his house, and allow every window to be closely blocked up with shutters and boards. When this was done, the duelists should be divested of every article of clothing, armed each with a brace of pistols and a Bowie-knife, and then let into the room, three minutes being given, after the closing of the door, before hostilities should commence, the expiration of the time being announced to them by three rapid knocks upon the door."

Will it be believed that this arrangement was instantly agreed to? but so it was; and a tolerable party immediately proceeded up-stairs, some to make the needful arrangements, and others to listen to this unseen fight, and await its exciting result.

Savage as men's spirits may be, such a scene of preparation was enough to silence, if not awe them. While it was passing, no man spoke; but all looked curiously upon the fine, muscular persons that were soon, in all probability, about to cut each other up alive.

All things being ready, the door, which had cautiously been kept closed, to prevent the interior of the place being seen by the duelists, was opened, and they entered the room of death together. The old man, whose friend one of them was, wept in silent bitterness; but, by an involuntary action, as the young man passed out of his sight, evidently besought heaven to assist the innocent. The door was closed. The time-keeper drew out his watch, and kept his eyes steadily fixed upon it. The assembled party employed that brief period in offering and accepting (in whispers) bets of from one to five hundred or more dollars as to the result. According to sporting phrase, the colonel "was the favorite," though the backers of neither one or the other appeared inclined to offer very long odds.

The time-keeper closed his watch, and gave the signal; at the same moment, all the lights on the landing and staircase were extinguished, in order that no ray might pass through the least crevice into the inside of the room.

Everybody expected, upon the giving of the signal, to hear the commencement of the strife; but they listened in dead silence to no purpose—not the remotest sound, even of a footstep, could be heard. And thus they waited five minutes, and ten, and twenty, and yet the combatants gave no sign. After the lapse, as near as might be conjectured, of half-an-hour, or thereabouts, one pistol was discharged; and although the listeners had been in continued expectation of it so long, yet, when it did come, a sudden start of surprise ran through them, as though each man had instantly felt that he might have received the contents himself. And then followed a hasty step across the floor—another pistol report—the clashing of knives, and a brief, but seemingly desperate attempt to wrestle, which quickly terminated, and all again was quiet.

"It's all up!" whispered one, "I'll bet drinks for the crowd.'

"Taken!" said another. "I begin to want a julep."

"Fifty to forty the colonel has killed him!" remarked a third. "He was a very nice young man, but he can't come in this time."

And thus they would have gone on, had not the third report been just then heard, followed by a prolonged conflict, hand to hand, knife to knife, in the course of which the fourth pistol exploded. The strokes of the knives began to grow less frequent, and more faint in sound; but ere they had entirely ceased, a heavy body dropped with a dead sound upon the floor of the room. Another instant, and there followed another heavy fall.

Some individuals present were for opening the doors immediately; but this proposition was overruled on the ground that, if the fight was not yet over, the most able might take advantage of the appearance of the light to kill the other even lying on the boards.

About half-an-hour was, if I recollect aright, allowed to pass in close and attentive listening, to catch the most distant sound from within. None was heard: and at the expiration of that period, amidst a crowd of the most horrible of anxious faces, the door was opened, and the whole party rushed in. Towards the remoter end, and not far from the wall, lay a heap of red cloth. It was composed of the gashed and bloody bodies of the duelists! One lay across the other. They were taken up, and something like a distant murmur of applause followed when it was discovered that the colonel was undermost!

But many who best knew him spoke outright their gladness, when an examination proved that he was perfectly dead. Both bodies were so mangled, that it was next to impossible to handle them without touching the wounds.

The best of it was, however, that the conqueror of this fearful white savage was found to be still alive. He was taken down stairs instantly, stimulants were given, and began to revive. His body was then carefully washed; after which, being cautiously wrapped up, he was conveyed away to the nearest surgeon's some time after midnight.

The room exhibited a spectacle not to be described.

The young man eventually recovered entirely of all his wounds, and was often congratulated of having rid the country of a monster whom few dared to attack.

This was not all. During his convalescence, inquiries were frequently made of him as to how the fight was managed; and he accordingly gave the following curious account, as nearly as the writer can remember:

"When the door was closed," said he, "we were surrounded by the most profound darkness. It seemed for some moments to confound the senses and be close to my eyes. During the three minutes allowed before the battle might begin, my principal aim was to get away from my antagonist into another part of the room, without his knowledge, and to stand there by the wall, until, perhaps, he should make some movement, by the sound of which I could be directed in my attack. The crowd outside was as still as death. I held my breath, and treading so lightly that I could not hear my own footfalls, I stole away to that side of the room on which I entered. Whether he had calculated that I should naturally do so, and had, therefore, taken the same direction, nobody can now tell; but no sooner had I stood to listen for him, than I found he was somewhere about me—I could hear his breathing. With the greatest caution and silence, I hastened to another part, expecting every moment that he would run against me, or I against him. And in this kind of manœuvering, sometimes to get away, and sometimes to approach, if I fancied, though why I know not, that an advantage might be gained, the greater part of the silent half-hour you speak of was spent.

"At length, having safely reached the opposite side, I stood still, resolved not to move again, until he either approached, perhaps, found me out, or by some means or other I could discover his position in the room. Having now got beyond his reach, I felt to be motionless on my part would be the wisest step, and calculated that his passion and fury would soon lead him on to the exhibition of less caution. Nothing of the kind occurred, and yet the first ball discharged was mine. A mouse could have been heard to stir: but we were perfectly lost to each other.

"Eventually, whether my eyes had become more accommodated to the blackness or from whatever cause, but true enough it is, I perceived a pair of eyes on the other side, nearly opposite me. They shone like those of a hyena in the night. I fired instantly, and rushed forward. The flash showed me the colonel crouched down against the wall and, must have equally directed him to me. He fired as he advanced, but missed. We were almost close together. The empty pistols were thrown down, and the knives used. He rushed on with great ferocity, and tried to grapple with me, but I slipped out of his arms; and for an instant being quite seperated, both stood still, listening for the place of the other. I think he must have heard me, for he fired a second time, with such effect as you have all seen. Nothing but his knife now remained. I had a knife and pistol. We were so close together that he was upon me almost as soon as the pistol-ball. The latter staggered me a little at the moment, but I met him with the knife, and from that time we never separated again. My object was to keep him from closing upon me, until I was as certain as darkness would permit of using my last ball to advantage. In consequence of that I retreated in various ways, both still fighting, sometimes on the open floor, and sometimes knocking ourselves with violence against the wall.

"I was growing faint. I found my strength failing, and then I fired my second pistol. The light instantaneously made, showed both men redder than the Indian on the field of battle. I heard that he staggered, and rushed with all my strength upon him. He still fought a little, but suddenly dropped before me, and more than that I do not know."

Such is the tale, as nearly as the writer can remember, that was related to him. He has a well founded belief that all the details are perfectly true.

ANCIENT DEXTERITY.

ONE of the early kings of Egypt, being desirous to secure his riches, commanded a treasure house to be built; but the architect, intending to have some share of the treasure, instead of finishing the building completely, placed one of the stones in so artful a manner, that it could be taken out and put in again by one man. As he was prevented by death from accomplishing his design, on his death-bed he gave full instructions to his two sons how to execute it. After they had for some time plundered the treasury, and carried off large sums, the king, who observed the gradual diminution of his wealth, without being able to discover how the thieves had access to it, finding his seal upon the door always whole, ordered several strong traps to be left in the treasury. By this means one of the brothers was at last taken; but finding it impossible to escape, he pressed his brother to cut off his head, and retire with it to prevent any discovery.

The next morning, examining the success of his project, upon finding a man without a head in the snare, hastened out in the greatest alarm and confusion; but, recovering himself, he ordered the body to be exposed on the outside of the wall to the public view, charging the guards placed around it to observe the countenances of the spectators, and to seize those who appeared sorrowful. The surviving brother, urged by his mother's entreaties and threats of exposure, formed the design of carrying off his brother's body. Accordingly, driving his asses thither, laden with skins of wine, he found means, by the stratagem of letting his wine run out, to intoxicate and stupify the guards. While they were in a deep sleep, he shaved the right cheek of each of them, by way of derision, and in the middle of the night carried off the body on one of his asses.

This action still more astonished the king, who, being now more earnest to discover the thief, ordered his daughter to receive the addresses of all suitors promiscuously, on condition that each should previously confess to her the most ingenious action he had ever managed, and the greatest crime he had ever committed. The young man, resolving again to perplex the king, went to the place to his daughter, and confessed to her that he had cut off his brother's head, and afterwards carried off the body. When she then offered to lay hold of him, he stretched out to her the arm of a dead man, which he had carried in under his cloak, (suspecting the intentions of the king) and, while she supposed she had detained the culprit, he made his escape.

The king's resentment being now converted into admiration, he promised a pardon and reward to the person who had robbed his treasury, if he would discover himself. The young man, upon this proclamation, immediately made himself known, and the king thereupon accounting him far superior in dexterity to any man then living, gave him his daughter in marriage.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

BEFORE the production of Dr. Goldsmith's laughable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," at Covent Garden Theatre, the stage had for some time been usurped by what the authors called sentimental comedy, which were,

"——————— in fact,
"Dull prosing sermons, only preach'd in acts."

The Doctor, on reading his comedy in the green room to the actors who he intended should form the *dramatis personæ*, was astonished at the grave faces of the performers, who entreated him to withdraw it, as the piece, if produced, would certainly be damned. Their request not being complied with, two of them declined the parts alloted to them—one of these was the public favorite Woodward. Thus circumstanced, the manager was necessitated to give the part of Young Marlow to Lee Lewis, and that of Tony Lumpkin to Quick, at that time considered merely third or fourth-rate actors. The great success of the comedy, to which in some measure their acting contributed, raised them at once to the top of their profession as comedians, and little Quick soon became a great favorite with his late Majesty, who annually sent him a purse of ten guineas on his benefit night. The cause of Lee Lewis's first becoming an actor was a singular one:—He was previously one of the letter carriers of the General Post Office, and passing one fine morning through St. Paul's Church-yard with a person in the same employment, with their bags of letters under their arms, Lee Lewis proposed to his companion that they should ascend to the gallery round the dome of the church, and take a bird's-eye view of the metropolis. This was agreed to, and when there, the eccentric Lee Lewis offered a bet of a shilling bowl of rum and milk that he could throw his bag of letters further into the Church-yard than his companion could. The wager was accepted, and the latter, collecting all his strength, threw his bag, which fell on the steps leading to the portico. "Lee Lewis, with a here goes," instantly followed, and his bag unfortunately caught on a crooked iron that projected from the building, and some hours passed before the bag could bee got down. An afternoon delivery of the letters it contained of course followed. This accident so alarmed Lee Lewis for the consequences that arose from it, that he fled into the country, and joined a company of strolling players, and was, after a lapse of time, engaged at Covent Garden Theatre.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MANHATTAN (FREE ACADEMY) CHESS CLUB.—We very cheerfully give place to the following communication; we call it "Chess in the right place"—This Club has been recently organized among the Students of the higher classes of the New York Free Academy. An initiatory meeting of the Students was held on Tuesday afternoon, 5th inst., at Room 17, Free Academy. Mr. C. L. Balch, of the Junior Class, was called to the chair, and Mr. D. P. Fackler, of the Junior Class, was appointed Secretary. The mode of appointing officers was unanimously decided to be by superiority in Chess skill; and the tournament to decide the claims of the various candidates for the offices of President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer, is now going on. It was also decided by the meeting that eligibility to membership of the Club shall consist in being Students of the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore Classes of the New York Free Academy. We are pleased to say that the Students take hold of the thing with enthusiasm, and the result will doubtless be a complete success. BETA.

UP TOON, Philad'a.—Good! we admire your pluck. "De Prefontaine's" note to us only contemplated a proposal to draw the "Scotch Gambit."

BOSTON CHESS CLUB.—Our chivalrous correspondent, answered above, bids us say to you that, if you have any lurking suspicion that he wishes to retreat, you are much mistaken; his flag is inscribed "to the death." After the match is through, we shall look for a single handed contest between him and some of your members.

☞ This puts us in mind of the fact that no one has accepted "G. H. H.'s" challenge. Come, come, gentlemen, that won't do; who encounters him?

SEQUENCE, Albany, N. Y.—All three correct.

C. C. N., Toronto, C. W.—You, and your friend, are right heartily welcomed, as we place you upon our list of correspondents. It was for just such players that we compiled those problems for beginners, which you have correctly solved.

K. V. Z, SENIOR.—We most certainly took your 17th move with "En Prise," as an anticipated one, from your last letter. Nevertheless, he has received so many courtesies at your hands that we take the responsibility of saying that he will at once accede to your request, and that too with pleasure. We make the alteration. We have had some striking commentaries upon the truth of your closing paragraph of the 8th inst. Your decision we highly approve.

EN PRISE, Newark, N. J.—It appears that there has been a clerical error, or misunderstanding of some sort on the other side, in your Match Game. Will you have the goodness to observe our answer to "X. Y. Z," erase the last move on each side, substitute his present 17th move (see game) and oblige, yours, &c.—ED.

A. B. B, Batavia, N. Y.—Well, if you think so, we will give it as it is.

METELLUS, Boston.—We shall expect a visit from you.

DE PREFONTAINE, Philad'a.—Accept our thanks for the very legible copy of that game, and its notes. If the Boston gentlemen do the some thing, which we wish, we shall of course collate and publish such from both as soon as we think best; if they do not, yours as they stand. You can go into no city, or scarcely a village, without encountering antagonists at Chess.

G. H. H., Boston.—"Forgotten?" Not a bit of it. You were on the getting "blowed up," though, for your negligence. Thank you for the game.

ALONZO, Salem.—Problems for beginners received; for which you have our sincerest thanks. Please indicate which one you yourself think prettiest.

BETA, New York Free Academy.—Remember that if you at any time wish instruction, advice or assistance, our columns are always open; and our personal services (as far as possible) always at your service. We should be most happy to visit your Club, when fairly under way.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston.—Document received, for which, with the other information, accept our thanks.

ROY, Albany, N. Y.—Problem and Enigma 94, and Gem No. 9, are all correct; Enigma 93, wrong, we believe, see solution. Your "beavier load, shot the other way," has hit fairly, and it's no use to deny it. You are a better marksman than we credited you with being. Too implicit reliance upon others led to the affair. Well, well; here's our ☞. We forgive you—ah, no! you forgive us, we suppose, and so we are the best friends in the world. We shall look to hear often from you, and the Chess doings in your new Club.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 94.

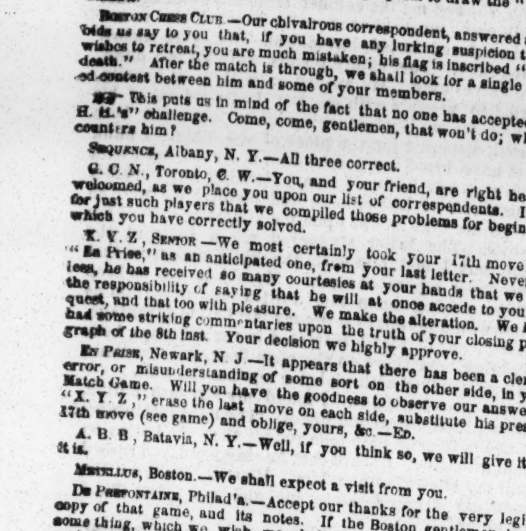
This we delay, designedly, for about two weeks.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 94.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..R × R +	Q × R *best*	3..B × Kt +	Q to B 2
2..Kt–Kt 6 +	K–Kt sq	4..Q × Q, mate.	

PROBLEM NO. 96—BY C. JOHNSON BEVERLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 96.

Our Pictorial game, annotated by Paul Morphy, (letters,) and N. Marache, (figures)

THE FOUR KNIGHTS' GAME.

Attack, Mr. Paulsen.	Defence, Mr. Morphy.	Attack, Mr Paulsen.	Defence, Mr. Morphy.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..Q × R 2d P	Q B to Q 2 (*f*)
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	16..Q R–his 2 (*g*)	Q R–K sq (*h*)
3..Q Kt–B 3 (1)	K Kt–B 3	17..Q her R 6 (7) (*i*)	Q × K B (*k*) (8)
4..K B–Q Kt 5	K B–Q B 4	18..Kt P × Q (9)	K R–Kt 3 +
5..Castles	Castles	19..K–R sq	Q B–K R 6
6..K Kt × P	K R–K sq (2)	20..K R–Q sq (*l*)	Q B–K Kt 7 +
7..K Kt × Kt (*a*)	Q P × Kt	21..K–Kt sq	Q B × P dis +
8..K B–Q B 4 (*b*)	P–Q Kt 4 (*c*)	22..K–B sq	B–K Kt 7 + (0)
9..K B–K 2 (3) (*d*)	Kt × K P	23..K–Kt sq	B–K R 6 dis +
10..Kt × Kt (*e*)	K R × Kt	24..K–R sq	K B × K B P
11..K B–his 3	K R–K 3	25..Q–K B sq (*m*)	Q B × Q (11)
12..P–Q B 3 (4)	Q–her 6 (5)	26..K R × B	Q R–K 7
13..P–Q Kt 4 (6)	K B–Q Kt 3	27..Q R–home	K R–his 3
14..P–Q R 4	Kt P × P	28..P–Q 4	B–K 6 (12)

and the Attack resigned.

(1) This sort of *debut* seems to be a favorite one with Mr. Paulsen; it is a safe but simple defensive opening. Mr. P.'s style of play is a perfect embodiment of the German school—slow, cautious, and solid, but lacking the brilliancy of their more mercurial neighbors, the French.

(2) A far better move than the obvious one of Kt takes Kt; in which case the attack, by pushing P to Q 4th, would have recovered the piece, with a better opened game. The move in the text effectually prevents the advance of Q P.

(*a*) By retreating Kt to Q 3d, he might have preserved his P; but the cramped situation of his game would have amply compensated his opponent for the loss.

(*b*) Indirectly protecting his K P; for, suppose:

8..	Kt × K P	10..B × K B P +, and keeps his
9..Kt × Kt	R × Kt	Pawn; for if
10..	K × B	11..Q to K B 3 +, and wins the R

(*c*) He might also have played 8..K Kt to his 5th.

(*d*) If 9..K B to Q Kt 3 Bte K Kt 5 | 10..Q to K sq P to Q Kt 5, with a decided advantage.

(3) We should have preferred B to Q Kt 3d, braving the advance of Q R P.

(*e*) If, instead of this, he play K B to his 3d, he loses directly; *e. g.*:

10..K B to his 3	Kt × K B P	12..Q to K B sq (*) Q × R +
11..R × Kt	Q–her 5	13..Q × Q R–K 8, mate.

(*)

12..Kt to K 4	R × Kt	14..K to R sq B to K Kt 5
13..B × R	Q × R +	15..K B–his 3 R–K sq, and wins.

(4) P to Q 3d, had been far preferable. We can safely say the move in the text was the main cause of the Attack's disasters, particularly when contending against such a far-sighted and powerful adversary as Mr. Morphy.

(5) A significant and strong move—crippling his adversary at the outset.

(6) Compulsory; striving to relieve himself from the pressure by opening his game on the Q's side.

(*f*) R to K Kt 3d promises more than it would yield.

(*g*) Intending to proffer the exchange of Queens, by 17..Q to her B 2d. 16..Q to her K 6th would have been much better, compelling the Defence either to exchange or retreat his Queen.

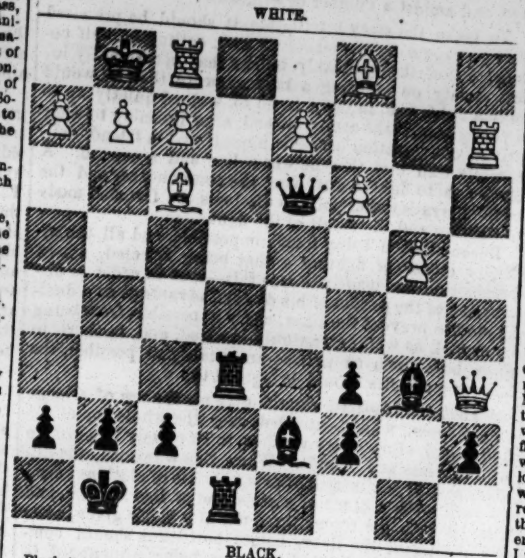
(*h*) Threatening mate in two moves. The real object of this move, however, is to enable him, if possible, to take K B with Q.

(7) Having in view the dislodging of the adverse Q from her strong position.

(*i*) Q home, was the proper reply; preventing both the threatened mate and the capture of B.

[Lest some of our players imagine that they, foreseeing what was about to happen, would have done better than Mr. Paulsen did at his 17th move, we present in a diagram the very interesting aspect of the field after that move.]

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play. Suppose this position were now for the first time presented, how many of you could give the winning *coup?*

(*k*) Play as the Attack may, the Defence must now score the game.

(8) Beautiful, as unexpected! Mr. Stanley, one of the bystanders, remarked of Mr. M., on making this seemingly rash move, that he should be confined in a lunatic Asylum. Not one present could fathom the meaning of this bold play, until move after move showed to the wonder-struck spectators how accurate had been Mr. M.'s calculations. Just think of this, student; seeing into a dozen moves ahead, with all the attendant variations!

(9) Must; if he decline, of course it is plain as day, that he must lose.

(*l*) This, or Q to her 3d, (*Var*) was the only method of avoiding the threatened mate in two moves. If

20..R to K Kt sq		
21..K × R	R × R +	22..Q to K B sq R × Q, mate.
	R–K 8 +	

(*Variation*)

20..Q to her 3	P to K B 4 (†)	22..Q to K B 4 (‡) B × K B P
21..Q–her B 4 +	K–B sq *best*	23..Q–K Kt 3 B × Q, & wins.

(†) Again threatening mate in two moves.

(‡)

22..Q to K R 4	B × K *best*	24..K to R 2 *best* Q B × K B P,
23..P–K R 3 *best*	B–K Kt 7 +	and must win.

(10) All these checks are as full of import as they are skillful.

(*m*) This is his only move.

(11) Now we reap the benefit of Mr. M.'s unerring calculations; the Q was actually forced to place herself *en prise*, to prevent mate.

(12) A masterly finish all through, from the 17th move.

A PARALLEL.

The following is the 50th game in the series of encounters between McDonnell and De la Bourdonnais, mentioned in our Pictorial.—*Chess Player's Chronicle.*

QUEEN'S GAMBIT ACCEPTED.

Attack, La Bourdonnais.	Defence, McDonnell.	Attack, La Bourdonnais.	Defence, McDonnell.
1..P to Q 4	P to Q 4	19..P to Q R 3	Q R to Q B sq
2..P–Q B 4	Q P × P	20..K R–K Kt sq	P–Q Kt 4
3..P–K 4	P–K 4	21..B × Q Kt P	Q B × Kt
4..P–Q 5	P–K B 4	22..Kt P × B	Q Kt–Q 5
5..Q Kt–B 3	K Kt–B 3	23..B–Q B 4	Q Kt × B P +
6..K B × P	K B–Q B 4 (*a*)	24..K–his B 2	Kt × Q R
7..K Kt–B 3	Q–K 2	25..K R × P +	K–B 3
8..Q B–K Kt 5 (*b*)	K B × B P +	26..R–K B 7 +	K–Kt 3
9..K–his B sq	K B–Q Kt 3	27..R–Q Kt 7	K Kt × B
10..Q–K 2	P–K B 5	28..Kt P × Kt	Q R × B P
11..Q R–Q sq	Q B–K Kt 5	29..Q–her Kt sq (*e*)	B–Q Kt 3
12..P–Q 6	B P × P	30..K–his B 3 (*f*)	R–Q B 6
13..Q Kt–Q 5	K Kt × K (*c*)	31..Q–her R 2	Kt–Q B 5 dis +
14..Q B × Q (*d*)	Kt–K 6 +	32..K–Kt 4	K R–K Kt sq
15..K–home	K × Q B	33..K R × B (*g*)	R P × R
16..Q–her 3	K R–Q sq	34..K–R 4	K–B 3
17..Q R–Q 2	Q Kt–B 3	35..Q–K 2	K R–Kt 3
18..P–Q Kt 3	K B–Q R 4	36..Q–K R 5	Kt–K 6, and

the Attack resigned.

(*a*) We believe he should rather have taken K P with K B P; in which case the annexed moves would probably have followed:

6..	B P × K P	9..Q × K P + Q to K 2
7..Q Kt × P	K Kt × Kt	10..Q × R Q–her Kt 5 +,
8..Q–K R 5 +	P–K Kt 3	and ought certainly to win.

Observe that his last move is much better than a dis (ch) by playing the Kt; for, if Attack move K to his 2d, or to B sq, Defence may take B, (ch); and if he play K to Q sq, Kt can take K B P (ch), and afterwards gain the R.

(*b*) Injudicious; he should have played Q to K 2d.

(*c*) An ingenious and enterprising stroke of play.

(*d*) We are disposed to think the Attack would have had an improved game by taking Kt with B, *e. g.*:

14..K B × Kt	Q B × Kt (1)	16..B × Q Kt P, and wins, at least,
15..Kt P × B	Q × B	the exchange.

(1) Apparently his best move.

(*e*) With a view to (ch) at K Kt sq.

(*f*) Had he given the threatened (ch) at K Kt sq, he would have lost his Queen.

(*g*) The only move to prevent immediate checkmate.

ENIGMA NO. 96.—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

SELECTED BY OUR CONTRIBUTOR ALONZO.

WHITE.—K at his 8; Q at her Kt 8; and R at Q Kt 2d.
BLACK.—K at Q B 5; R at Q 8; Kt at Q B 8; P's at K 5, and Q 5th.
White to play and mate in three moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
21..K R to K B 4	Q R to Kt 2
22..P to K Kt 4	R to K Kt 2
23..P to K R 4	P to K R 4

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
19..K R to K 2	P to Q R 4
20..Q to her Kt 3	P to Q Kt 3
21..B takes Kt	Q takes B

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
16..P to Q 5	Q B takes Kt
17..Kt P takes B	

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
5..K Kt to B 3	Q to K 2
6..P to Q 3	Q B to K Kt 5
7..B P takes P	Q B takes Kt

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

☞ We have received a number of communications regarding the winning of three Kings against two; say three White Kings against two Black ones: a Black King being situated in each double corner. Our reply is, that White wins by forcing an exchange. We wish to correct a false impression regarding the law of exchange, which is very prevalent among that class of players *not* fully "posted." Let it be remembered that it is "fair" to "change off," and the "cry" against this practice is an indirect supplication for quarter. We will publish a Diagram soon, illustrating the winning of "three against two;" as this position very frequently occurs in actual play, and should be known to all Draught players.

☞ "Greenhorn," of Brasher Falls, New York, will play any of our contributors a game through the CLIPPER. Who's in?

☞ We reserve Solutions of Positions given last week. Will our correspondents forward a solution of 179?

☞ In Position No. 180, a White man on 17.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PATRICIUS, New York.—This correspondent will observe that we "give him the benefit of a hearing." By the way, friend "Patricius," we have published the solution of the position that you offer a "V" for being "shown the how"—and *our* price is—"nix." We had written out the solution before your "criticisms" came to hand—but had not this been the case, it would have made no difference, as we are satisfied that "On the Square" would have scorned taking your five dollars, it being so clearly evident that your ignorance of our game is only equaled by your unfortunate assurance. Learn hereafter to be more modest, leave off poking up mare's nests, steer clear of G. R. Marden, "On the Square," and in fact of all who have a respectable knowledge of draughts, so far as attempting strictures, or "playing them a few moves anyhow," is concerned. Examine the Draught Department of the CLIPPER every week, and if you do not comprehend it, ask some friend to explain to you. Do this, and you may yet be a draught player. No one more sincerely wishes you success in "draught progress" than ourselves, and if we seem severe, it is only that you may truly comprehend your true position. Let us be friends.

GREENHORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.—See our remarks at the head of the column. There *must* be an exchange.

SAGAMORE, Lynn, Mass.—See our "leader" this week. Forty moves are the number, if we mistake not.

HARRY, of Buffalo.—Whilter appears this week, as well as a Position dedicated to you.

KNOW NOTHING, Lancaster, N. Y.—J. McL. is after you. "ALONZO" asks if you will play him four games by mail?

J. McL., N. Y.—We give your letter this week.

ROY, Albany, N. Y.—Your Solution O. K.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—We only received your move 10 to 15, a day or two since.

METELLUS, Boston, Mass.—Move on hand.

E. F. S.—As above.

H. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—No thanks are due to us from you—but rather *from* us.

"EXAMINING THE POSITION."

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—Know Nothing!!! in introducing his very severe criticism (?) on the game played between Mr. D. and myself, said that I must take the chances if it were brought out a budget of blunders. Now, in that game, he fails to find anything wrong except in the matter of a trifling note that I discovered before sending it in, and which, with all due deference to his skill, it has taken him all this time to find out. He says that I made out that his side should have been all whipped to pieces, &c. I made out no such thing. Mr. D. and I were looking over K. N.'s game. Mr. D. considered the 5th move a drawn, with a good chance of winning. In playing it over that game occurred, and I made the note without any analysis. He insinuates that the game was got up to make fun of his play. I was unfortunate enough to mention his name, when he, like the angry man, thought I was laughing at him. I disclaim to have had such an intention, however much he deserves to be laughed at.

In the same letter he accuses Nemo of plagiarism. He should look to himself to make such a charge, after claiming originality for that position of his. It is an old disputed thing between Mr. Drummond and Mr. Sinclair, former champion of Scotland. Mr. D made a bet that it could not be drawn, and lost it twice, after winning the first. I have this on the authority of a particular friend of Mr. Sinclair before that position was published. What restrained me from saying so then was a desire to keep out of such a controversy as it occasioned. K. N. had better hoe his own row and keep out the weeds.

Yours, &c., J. McL.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I have "put my foot in it," or *you* have, "clear up." I have seen draught boards in scores of places, but *never* thirty pieces to play with, unless backgammon was played there too. When one buys a draught board he usually gets a backgammon board with it, and, of course, "thirty pieces." I have not me to *authority*, in any shape, allowing or providing for more than *twelve* pieces to each player, under *any* circumstances. I don't believe the best player in New York, against one who knows enough to jump when there is a chance, can get five kings, with a reserve of *four* single men. If he got the other four men kings, how could he get them crowned? [This appears to be the "air-drawn dagger" which glitters before the dazed vision of our "learner;" but he boldly seizes said dagger, and determines to cut his way through the dilemma as followeth.—ED. D. D.] His *able* opponent would have to cut up the broom handle! "Be careful not to close your eyes when you pull off." I have no objection to "mark" with G. R. Marden, or any other of your correspondents. I am not a betting man; but am willing to "mark" enough to just make it interesting. To show how "rich" my ideas are about draughts, I will "mark" a V and the CLIPPER for 1858, with "On the Square," that he cannot take the "Blacks," and willing to pay for being shown "the how." If he can, I am "move and win," as he submits in Position No. 178. If he can, I am excepts, let him "down with the dust" in your hands, and "move along." I send you my address, and the money shall be forthcoming if "On the Square" says so.

Yours, PATRICIUS.

[Our "learner" seems determined to have "another shy" at us, as appears by the above "affair," which reminds us of the girl who could not "bile" eggs three minutes by the clock because it was a quarter of an hour too slow! He seems anxious to learn where the pieces are coming from to crown those "kings." On being informed that there were generally thirty pieces in a set of draught men, one would suppose that the "crowning" difficulty had been disposed of; and that the real question had been reduced to the following simple formula, viz: In a game of draughts is it *possible* for one player to have five kings and four single men on the board at the same time? We say that it is. But the "learner" falls back into "gammon"—or into backgammon—and gravely informs us that thirty pieces are required in playing that game! He also labors to establish the obscure (?) fact that there are only *twelve* pieces on each side at the commencement of a game of draughts, which we are inclined to believe will be admitted. Our readers will remember that we took the ground that "these things could be," and stated at the same time that a *disparity* should be supposed to exist between the players. It not unfrequently happens that a "poor player" "gives" a couple or *more* pieces "away" by oversight at the commencement of the game, and his antagonist "lands into the king row" at once, without losing a piece; or the novice may so conduct his pieces that the skilful player secures a king *without* the sacrifice alluded to. Now, according to the logic of "Patricius," the poor "used-up" has "nothing for it" but to "go in" and "*saw up the broom handle!*" We venture the assertion that no *draught player* will take issue with us in the "points laid down," and beg pardon of our correspondents for occupying so large a space with so *small* a matter, and plead as an apology, our desire to rebuke "pretentious vanity.—ED. D. D.]

GAME NO. 93.—NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY, OF BUFFALO.

Dedicated to Andrew Anderson, Esq., Champion of Scotland.

THE WHILTER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	14..25 to 27 (*f*)	4 to 8
2..7 11	22 17	15..10 15	8 11
3..11 16 (*a*)	26 23	16..15 18	17 14
4..8 11	17 13 (*b*)	17..18 22	21 17 (*g*)
5..16 20	25 22	18..22 26	30 23
6..9 14	29 25	19..27 9	13 6
7..4 8	31 26	20..1 10	28 24
8..2 7	22 17 (*c*)	21..5 9	17 13
9..11 16	23 18 (*d*)	22..9 14	24 19
10..15 29 (*e*)	26 22	23..14 17	11 7
11..16 23	27 2	24..10 14	7 10
12..20 27	2 4	25..3 8	19 15
13..29 25	32 23	and draws.	

(*a*) This from the Whilter.

(*b*) Anderson moves 17 to 14 for a draw, and attempts to show 17 to 13 a losing move.

(*c*) Instead of this move the Scottish Champion plays 21 to 17 and 23 to 18, which he correctly proves losing moves.

(*d*) This move will be appreciated when the jumping is over, and it will be seen that both sides come out perfectly safe for a draw.

(*e*) The only safe take.

(*f*) Very seldom such strokes as from White's 9th to Black's 14th move come in actual play in *good games.*

(*g*) Bold, but the best.

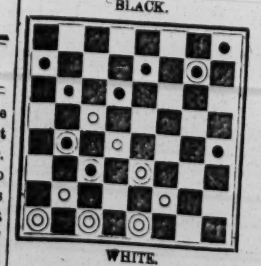
POSITION NO. 181

NEW SERIES.

By "Alonzo."

Dedicated to Harry of Buffalo.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

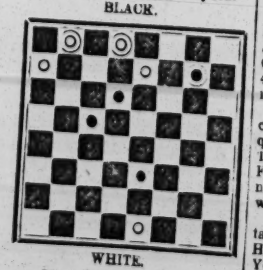
POSITION NO. 182

NEW SERIES.

By "Foo Foo."

Dedicated to Young Players.

BLACK.



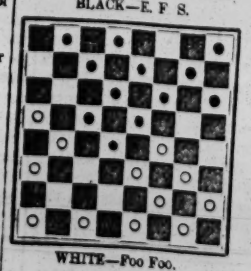
WHITE.

Black to play and win.

MATCH GAME.

Between Foo Foo and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.



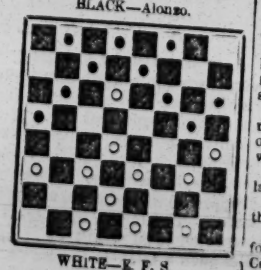
WHITE—Foo Foo.

White to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S

Black to "jump."

Moves made since last week.

Black—10 to 15 White—19 to 10

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
9.. 6	9		
10.. 1	5	22	18
11..16	20	25	22

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

ANOTHER flare-up at the Opera House, and another "bust up" of the shanty. Last week, just as the performances at the Academy of Music were about to commence, there was a strike among the chorus *corps*, but the manager refused to knock under, and on making the audience acquainted with the facts, they sustained him. Since then, however, he has concluded to close the house, in order that he may gather some reinforcements, and prepare them for the work in hand. The most wonderful part of the *emeute* is, that neither the *prima donna* nor *tenori* took a hand in this last muss, but, on the contrary, went down to their work with redoubled energy and vigor. What a wonderful and complicated piece of business this opera management is! Who ever heard of an *empressario* making any money at the close of a season? And yet who ever heard of one of them getting tired of the business. It seems a pleasure to them to lose money so long as the dear public is amused. In an article on the subject of the opera in great cities, the *Herald* gives some statistics that may not be uninteresting to our readers. According to that journal, the *personnel* of the Academy of Music, New York, under the direction of Mr. Ullman, includes—People connected with orchestra, 52; chorus, 40; carpenters and attendants on stage, 20; office and ticket delivery, 12; house attendance, doorkeepers, ushers, 14; tailors, 10; dressers, 6; supernumeraries, average of 20; prima donnas and contraltos, 6; tenors, 4; baritones, 4; bassos, 2; second parts, 6; conductors, 2; chorus master, 1; prompter, 1; stage manager, 1; occasional artists, 8; extra orchestra band, 20; ballet, 14—total, 243. The house holds 4800 people. The largest attendance this season was for the *debut* of Herr Formes, in "Robert Le Diable," when $3278 were taken. The next greatest, for the Thalberg festival, $3749. The surplus of money for the Thalberg festival was caused by the fact that more tickets to the dearer seats were sold than for the "Robert" night. The expenses are $22,000 per month, and the receipts vary from $5000 to $7000 per week. There are 181 free stockholders' seats, and the yearly rent is $24,000, which is reduced by letting the house for concerts, balls, &c. to about $10,000. A comparison of the business of the principal opera houses gives the following result:

Cities.	Capac'y. theatres.	Highest rec'pts.	Exp's.	Subventions.	Employes
Paris, Grand Opera	1,800	$1,800	$2,000	$14,000	500
London	2,500	5,000	2,000	50,000*	250
New York	4,800	3,749	1,300	——	230
Milan†	5,000	2,000	1,000	50,000	400
Vienna	1,800	750	—	111,500	516
Berlin	2,000	1,125	300	——	365

* Subscriptions.
† Estimated.

P. S.—The ten-strike of the chorus at our Academy remains in *statu quo*, but Consols have not gone down in consequence.

Mrs. Hoey's benefit, on the 9th, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, was largely attended. Mr. A. H. Davenport also had an excellent house on Monday evening last.

Since the legitimate circus in the Bowery changed hands, business has improved. The company has been revised, corrected, and otherwise improved, and the entertainments are of a vastly better character than formerly. Among the performers now engaged are Mme. Louise Tournaire, "the great bare back and six horse rideress;" A. Seigrist, Mons. Benoit Otto, Chas Shay, J. J. Foster, J. R. Hankins, T. Trexler, W. H. Bordeau, Harry Gilbert, J. H. Durand, Masters Theodore and Ferdinand. Also that clown, Jimmy Reynolds. Joski Jens seems to have either collapsed, or retired with the manager's permission. Now, why not occasionally have a foot race in the arena? We'll venture a glass of the manager's favorite beverage, "lager bier;" that a "go" between some of our pedestrians would draw better than any other attraction. Who does not remember the crowds that flocked to the Hippodrome, a few years since, to witness the races between Grindell, Barlow, and a host of other pedestrians? We throw out the hint; which of the three circuses will act upon it?

Mr. Burton had the temerity to bring out at his establishment on Monday evening last a new *and* original American comedy, and the best part of the matter is that the novelty of the thing induced a fair and respectable attendance. Mr. Burton certainly exhibited pluck of a high order in venturing upon such "delicate ground," as that occupied by American dramatic literature. Brougham's burlesque of Columbus still occupies the boards.

The Ravels threaten to close at Niblo's the present week. They have had a long and successful run, and, all things considered, must have accumulated a large pile of the "filthy lucre."

"Hay, Jonny; hay, Jonny," have you seen and heard the Bryants lately? If not, you have missed some rare fun, and some excellent vocalization. Dan and Jerry, as "Sim Dipsey," and "Roderigo Lucimicus," two knights of the amateur dramatic school, will excite your risibles if everything else should fail. And then, you lovers of sentimentality, tell us if you have listened to anything so beautiful as the duett of "Robin Ruff, and his thousand a year," so finely sung by Messrs. Percival and Prendergast. The Bryants' hall is a cozy place in which to spend an evening, and nowhere else is there a more varied entertainment given. There seems to be a charm about Mechanics' Hall, for it is always filled, and the audiences ever appear to feel perfectly at home therein.

While new recruits are continually being brought into the negro minstrel business, the members of the "old guard" are slowly but surely passing away. Within the past two or three years we have recorded the decease of some of the most prominent performers of other days, among them Luke West, Jim Sanford, Tom Briggs, John Diamond, etc. They are "down among the dead men," where they calm y rest, awaiting that "call" which shall usher them into the presence of an eternal world. On the 31 inst., another minstrel, Mr. E. T. Herrman, formerly of Kunkle's troupe, died in Richmond, Va. A fact is mentioned in connection with Mr. Herrman's death, which is worthy of being recorded. It seems that while Mrs. Herrman, who is attached to the Holliday Street theatre, Baltimore, was sitting at the parlor window of her residence on Sunday afternoon, 3d inst., a white turtle dove with a dark ring about the neck flew in and lit upon her head. She held out her hand, into which the dove hopped. She had a presentiment that the bird was a forerunner of bad news, and the next morning, while attending rehearsal, she received the painful intelligence of her husband's death, which took place about or near the time the dove made its appearance. Mr. H. was a native of Albany, where his father resides.

J. H. Budworth, of Ethiopian fame, received a "call," (to speak piously,) and has left for Boston. In taking his leave of New York, Mr. Budworth says:—"I take this method of returning my heartfelt thanks to my many friends and the public for the kind and indulgent manner with which I have been received on all occasions when appearing before you, and while deeply regretting the necessity of leaving New York (to fulfil an engagement in Boston,) hope and trust that I shall not be forgotten when I again appear before you."

Buckleys' opened at their new quarters, in Broadway, on Monday evening last. Dick Sliter, the jig dancer, has been engaged.

Mrs. Kemble Butler has commenced another course of Shaksperian readings.

The drama of "Mazeppa" has been revived at the Bowery. The business continues excellent.

Somebody says that Mr. Forrest will shortly play an engagement at Burton's theatre; somebody else says Miss Agnes Robertson will also have the honor to appear soon, after her recent serious indisposition.

They are getting up a show piece at the Broadway Circus, and young girls of prepossessing appearance are in demand therefor.

Ole Bull got stuck for $1,108 the other day, in a suit brought by a stable keeper for "keeping" Bull's horses.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Theatricals in Chicago are flourishing. A correspondent in that city, signing himself "Drama," gives us the following items on the subject:

There are three theatres in full blast and doing a good business, considering the times. Mr. J. H. McVicker's Theatre opened on the 5th of November with a first class company, viz: Mr. H. A. Perry as leading man, and Miss Alice Mann as leading lady; and Messrs. D. Hanchett, Bradley, Munroe, Gay, Boxton, Forrester, McVicker, &c; and Mesdames Perry, Forrester, Misses Fanny Rich, Lotty Hough, &c, in the ranks, making in all a star company. Miss Charlotte Cushman commenced an engagement here last Monday evening, Jan. 4th, as Lady Macbeth, on which occasion the house was crowded to its utmost capacity.

At Levi North's National Amphitheatre they have an excellent circus company; but about the dramatic company I cannot say quite as much. In the equestrian company may be found L. J. North, T. Neville, T. Cony, T. Osborn, F. Armstroug, W. Armstrong, Mdlle. Franconi, Miss Castela, &c; and in the dramatic company, G. J. Arnold is the leading man. Mr. S Cony, the stage manager, died a few weeks ago, leaving his dogs alone in the world without a master.

The old Chicago Theatre was re-opened by Billy McFarland and his talented wife, Miss S. S. Woodbury; he has also a good company. He has brought out Bourcicault's humbug of the "Poor of New York," which he has named the "Poor of Chicago." It is a poor thing altogether.

Our old friend Wm. Quayle, at one time considered a very pleasing ballad singer, and extremely popular some years ago in the Museum Concerts then so generally patronized by Philadelphians, is still in the same line of business, at Boston's Odeon, in that city.

Mr. W. B. Brown, and the "Myers sisters," gave a series of concerts in Boston last week. We have not learned how Brown made out.

A company of "Old Folks" are giving concerts at the National Hall, Philadelphia. Father Kemp is the manager of these old 'uns. Grandfather Foss, "going on 99," as the advertisements inform us, presides at the Great Grandfather Fiddle.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Huntley's Minstrels, have concluded their minor engagements, and are now located permanently in their new opera house, School street, Boston. Their entertainments have been well attended, and seem to give much satisfaction.

Mr. C. Wheatleigh was to appear at the Montreal Theatre on Monday last; and Miss Susan Denin was next on the list.

Miss Angela Sefton is shortly to appear at the Richmond, Va., theatre.

The following is supposed to be a capital joke. We pass it round for the fun of the thing, and for the amusement of "the profession:"—Crisp and Dedarr are lessees of the two principal theatres in New Orleans. A boarder at one of the hotels there the other day, whilst enjoying some fine fresh celery at the table, asked his vis a vis, "Why is this vegetable like a well known actor of our city?" Of course the answer was "because it is *crisp*." Whereupon a boarder at another

hotel, who was casually present, remarked, "Well, if you had been speaking about the celery at *our* house, I should have answered, because it is *deburred*."

Mr. H. L. Bateman's folks were at Memphis, Tenn., at last accounts.

The theatre in Washington is getting along comfortably. Rolla electrifies the "grave and reverend Senators" with her bewitching understandings, et cetera.

Mr. and Mrs. Stark have been playing with moderate success in St. Louis.

Sanford has made the following additions to his company in Philadelphia, viz: J. N. Carncoss, ballad singer; B. S. Bowen, Virginia banjoist; (we don't like that word) and Young America, the jig dancer. Sanford has also revived the burlesque on the "Old Folks' Concerts."

Some of the profession got in a tight place recently at Cleveland, and could'nt well make out how to get out of difficulty, but Mr. Forrest, "the noblest Roman of them all," came to the rescue, made a donation party of himself, and gave the unlucky (?) disciples of Thespis $300, which made them "all hunk" again. The eminent tragedian, like good wine, improves with age.

Dick Myers (or Old Bull as he is called) one of the oldest in the "nigger business," is performing in Philadelphia. We had lost sight of Richard and his fiddle. His company consists of Messrs. J. Unsworth, Paul Berger, J. Conrad, H. Conrad, and R. F. Myers. We shall be pleased to hear of Dick's success.

Mad. Rachel "still lives," and manages to keep her name before the public, if nothing else. She threatens, once more, to "abandon the stage forever."

Eph Horn is exhibiting anacondas, in Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Bowers and Budworth, formerly of Wood & Christy's Minstrels, have joined Ordway's company, in Boston.

The Cast Iron Man, Mr. James Madison, came near being struck out of existence at the Richmond, Va., theatre, on the 9th inst. It seems that while supporting three large anvils on his breast, one of the men who was striking the anvils with a sledge hammer, missed the anvil, and struck Mr. Madison a blow on his side with the hammer, and at the same time cutting one of his fingers nearly off. To the astonishment of the audience, however, Mr. Madison had his wounds attended to, and then completed his feats.

Show pieces are "quite the cheese," just now. At the Boston Museum they have just brought out the "Enchanted Horse, or the Peri of the Air;" and at the National they have revived the "Cataract of the Ganges," with powerful casts, including Nathans & Co.'s stud of horses. McKean Buchanan is still at the Howard Athenæum

Gossip says that a Miss Annie Kemp has accepted an offer of $8,000 per annum, to sing at Thalberg's concerts, in the South.

Frezzolini and Strakosch are to give concerts in western New York next month.

Miss Heron is in the second week of her engagement at the Boston Theatre. On the 13th, her business agent, Mr. Brough, was to have a benefit, and make his first appearance on the stage in twenty-one years.

That abortion, "The Poor of New York," is going the rounds, having been adapted to the various localities in which it is performed. It was brought out at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 9th, as "Fraud and its Victims." It is also being played in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, &c.

The Ronzani ballet troupe closed their Baltimore engagement on the 8th.

Herr Koenig, the celebrated cornet player, who visited this country a few years since with Jullien, died recently in Europe. Those who listened to the exquisite tones of his cornet, while performing the solo in the popular Prima Donna Waltz, will not be likely soon to forget the impression created thereby.

Mrs. Bowers' Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is doing an excellent business. The spectacular drama of the "Count of Monte Christo" has just been revived with "thrilling effects," and so forth. At the Arch, another spectacle, the "Last Days of Pompeii," keeps things lively. There is considerable opposition between these two houses. E. L. Davenport and his wife continue at the Arch.

Spalding & Rogers' performing elephants Victoria and Albert were at the Mobile Theatre last week. They were performing in conjunction with the Steamboat Minstrels, consisting of Messrs. Ned Davis, E. S. Kneeland, Frank Cordelia, Wm. Boyd, N. G. Foster, C. Melville, J. H. Ross, Harry Evarts, Dave Reed, A. J. Talbot, George Charles, and J. L. Chatfield. H. Bland is stage manager at this theatre.

Mr. Neafie is announced to commence an engagement at Lexington, Ky., on Monday next. A careful and painstaking actor, and worthy of liberal patronage. May friend Neafie hold a "full" at the close.

Another death in the profession. Nick Johnson died at the Insane Asylum, Lexington, Ky., on the 27th ult.

John Sefton's daughter, Miss Angela Sefton, is said to have made a successful formal *debut* at the Pittsburgh Theatre, on the 4th. We are gratified to record the fact.

Pantomimes were the rage at the London theatres during the holidays. At Drury Lane, they had "Little Jack Horner; or, Harlequin A, B, C, and the Elfin Land of Nursery Rhymes." At the Haymarket, "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood; or, Harlequin and the Spiteful Fairy." At the Princess's, "Harlequin and the White Cat; or, the Princess Blanchefleur and her Four Godmothers." At the Olympic, "The Doge of Duralto; or, the Enchanted Eyes." At Sadler's Wells, "Harlequin and Beauty and the Beast; or, Little Goody Two Shoes and Mother Bunch's Book-case in Baby Land." At the Surrey, "Queen Mab; or, Harlequin Romeo and Juliet." At Astley's, "Don Quixote, and his Mare Rosinante; or, Harlequin Sancho Panza." At the Strand, "Queen Novelty; or, the Princess who has Lost her Heart." At the Marylebone, "Harlequin Joe Miller; or, Wit, Mirth, Jollity, and Satire." At the City of London, "Harlequin and King Rufus." At the Standard, "Georgy, Porgy, Puddin and Pie; or, Harlequin Daddy Long Legs." At the Victoria, "Prince Lovetheday; or, Queen Busy Bee and Little Red Riding Hood." At the Soho, "King Aboulifar, and the Fairy of the Coral Island." At the Britannia, "Sing a Song of Sixpence and the Star of the West; or, Four-and-twenty Black Birds Baked in a Pie," &c., &c.

VERY LATEST SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life, Dec. 26.

THE RING.

A Christmas "Box" between Plantagenet Green (alias Snowball) and Jesse Hatton, for £15 a Side.

The fistic tourney between the above men came off on Tuesday. The match was by no means important as regards the amount to be contended for, but it proved to be of a highly-amusing character, being, in fact, what Charley Mallett, the poet-laureate of the P. R., very aptly termed the pugilistic pantomime of 1857. The present battle was the fourth time Plantagenet Green had figured in the P. R., he having contended with Fred Dickenson, Shylock, and Jerry Noon, only once proving victorious with the English Shylock. Snowball never had the reputation of being anything extraordinary as a boxer, although since his last appearance in the ring with the renowned Jerry Noon he was considered, and this proved to be the case, to have much improved in his knowledge of the polite art. He is a strong, powerful young fellow, but has hitherto been considered to be anything but a man of pluck at bottom. It is now three years since he last figured in public. Hatton's milling career has been one continued series of ups and downs, Fortune having at times given this game fellow some hard rubs. Jesse never possessed the skill nor judgment to enable him to take a high degree in his profession; but still, as a game, resolute fellow, he has always shown himself worthy of patronage. His battles will be found duly recorded in the pages of *Fistiana*, therefore, without dilating upon his antecedents, we may at once say that in matching him against the Black, his friends looked upon it as being one of the very best things that they had ever had. The belligerants were not confined to weight, but they were in tip top condition. Jesse had the advantage of his antagonist, being much the bigger and heavier man. A well-known spot was selected, and no time was lost by the commissary in getting the ring arrangements completed. The Black was the first to shy his castor into the ring, and this act of defiance was instantly responded to by Hatton, who, on stepping within the ropes, had behind him, for seconds, George Brown and Harry Webb. Charley Mallett acted as leading counsel for the Black, and on entering the ring wore a complete hunting suit which had been made a present to him expressly for the occasion. He was assisted by Langham. Mr. Green's costume was certainly novel; his fighting boots were spotless white, drawers black and white, stockings all black, while his ebony-looking "phiz" was encased in a white nightcap with a prodigious tassle, brought down expressly by Jack Macdonald for him to fight in. Although it was considered such a certainty for Hatton, yet not more than even money was laid, and this only to a very small amount. By twelve o'clock the combatants had received the finishing touch, and were conducted to the scratch.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Hatton looked serious, while the Black was grinning in a good-humored manner, and appeared to be on the best of terms with himself. After some little manœuvring they went to work, Jesse leading with the left hand tried to deliver a stinger, but, being short, only caught Ned on the chest. They instantly closed, when, after some half-arm exchanges, they struggled for the fall, and went to grass together.

2. Both came readily up, and went at it with more determination than judgment. Hatton, in a lunging style, made an attempt to plant a rattler on the head with the left, but was not sufficiently within distance. In a wild rally they fought to a close, when they both went to earth.

3. Plantagenet, in leading, got well on with the left, and then retreated. Hatton, as he broke ground, followed with an impetuous rush, and, after some wild and apparently harmless exchanges, they closed and went down near the ropes.

4. Hatton came up with the determination to force the fighting, but the Black standing on the defensive, manœuvred, and kept out of distance. At length Jesse delivered the left on the nob, and followed up with the right, but did no execution. In the exchange the Black got heavily on his opponent's nose, and in the fall Jesse was under. First blood on the termination of this bout was claimed by Mallett for Ned, and there was just a slight show of the ruby from Jesse's nasal prominence.

5. Jesse delivered one on the nob with the left, but without severity. Snowball, with grotesque action, broke ground, as his antagonist rushed at him, and in the exchanges got well on the dial. In the close they fibbed away merrily, and went over.

6. Ned was the first up, and on being faced by Hatton, he took the initiative, and planted well on Jesse's cranium. Hatton, on the instant countered heavily, when the Dark-un, thinking it too warm to be pleasant, retreated; Hatton followed him up, and tried to deliver a swinging hit from the right, but the blow fell harmless on Ned's shoulders. In a close they fibbed away merrily and fell, the Black being under.

7. Jesse dashed at his antagonist left and right, but did not get home. In a scrambling rally they closed, and fell near the ropes.

8. After a little sparring, Hatton opened with the left, getting well on the top part of the brain canister. He then dashed to in-fighting, but in the exchanges the Black delivered well on the nob, and then fell on one knee. On the instant, however, he regained his pins, and as Jesse was nothing loth, renewed the round. In the counters they both got on the nob, and in a close fell, Jesse being under.

9. Jesse, after putting out a feeler with the left, followed with his right, but although he landed on the side of Ned's woolly nut, there was no steam in it. In a rally the men closed and went down.

10. The Ebony here opened the ball with a hit from the left, and then got out of distance. Hatton followed, and after some wild exchanges they closed and went down.

11. Jesse had no sooner been met by his opponent, than he went to work in a resolute style, getting well on to the head. In an indescribable rally they got to the ropes, when Jesse wanted to get his man on them. It was, however, no go, for the Black got down.

12. Hatton let fly with the left, and got well on the side of the nob, but in trying to repeat the dose with the right, he did not get home with any force. As Ned retreated, Jesse bored in for the close, and in doing so slipped and fell.

Any further description of this contest would be quite superfluous, and we shall sum up the result in a few brief comments. In the whole, seventy-eight rounds, occupying one hour and fifty-eight minutes, were fought, Hatton, in the last of these, being knocked completely out of time. Taken all in all a worse fight has, we are confident, never been witnessed, not even by the oldest ringgoer. Beyond being a game fellow, and one of indomitable resolution, Hatton has never stood high on the steps of fistic fame, and certainly what little popularity he had acquired will now be lost in the defeat he has had the misfortune to sustain in the present instance. Although he often planted on to his opponent, his hitting did not appear to be effective, for on the termination of this one-sided affair the Black left the ring without having the least visible punishment. That Hatton did his utmost cannot be disputed, but his being defeated in such an easy manner by the Black proves him to be only an outsider. Of Mr. Edward Plantagenet Green we have only this to say, that although he has proved victorious, he will never by any chance obtain any very great position among the leading stars: for, in addition to his want of skill, he has yet to be tried to see whether the ring of the "metal" is or is not genuine, as on this point many persons are sceptical. He is a strong, sturdy made fellow, and as there is no doubt of his having improved a little in the science of the noble art since his last appearance, he ought to be a match for any commoner who might fancy him.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Tom Sayers and Bill Benjamin.—Another deposit of £10 a side between these heroes was duly posted at Jemmy Massey's, Crown, Cranbourne-passage, Leicester-square, on Wednesday, in the presence of an immense number of Jemmy's friends of the old school. Peter Crawley was present and took the chair. After the business was over an harmonious evening was spent. It was to be regretted that none of the backers of the gallant champion were present to meet Fred Broome, who represented Benjamin, and was anxious to make arrangements as to the trysting place. As no meeting has taken place for this, we have appointed Tuesday next, at our office, between ten and twelve, to name a place for the great event, when we trust the backers of both men will attend. The final deposit of £30 a side is to be made at Harry Brunton's, on Tuesday evening next. The Belt we have been assured, will be left in our hands according to the stipulations made on its being completed, on Wednesday next. The colors of both men are now out—Benjamin, blue and white spot, and Tom Sayers, a plain neat French grey. Benjamin complains that many friends who urged him on to fight Sayers have not come forward with the money they promised to stand.

The Match between Paddock and Tom Sayers.—In reference to this match there is a hitch, the friends of Tom Paddock saying they only challenged Sayers for £100 a side, while Sayers says he, as Champion, is not bound to fight for less than £200 a side. Paddock's friends, we hear, wish to claim forfeit, saying Sayers covered their tenner to make the match for £100 a side. The backers of the Champion, however, have referred us to our papers of October 4, in which appears Tom Paddock's challenge to fight the winner between Sayers and Benjamin for £200 a side in four months. This challenge, it will be recollected, was answered by Sayers, who authorised us to stop £10 or £25 out of the stakes should he be the winner, to make the match, and subsequently he sent us £10 to cover the £10 of Paddock. The Sayers party are still willing to go on for £200 a side, and will meet Paddock at our office on Friday next, between eleven and twelve, to stake £15 or £20 a side. They say that if any one is entitled to forfeit, it is Sayers, and not Paddock.

Tweddle and Gleghorn.—We have paid over the money for this match to Tweddle, in accordance with the announcement in our last, and in defiance of a legal notice served by a Mr. Winter, who calls himself Gleghorn's backer, but whom we, of course, cannot recognise in the matter, our plan being only to deal with principals. Of Mr. Winter's and Gleghorn's impertinent letters, containing so many statements at variance with the truth, we take no more notice than to state that they are utterly beneath contempt. We must for the future decline to hold stakes for Gleghorn or any man backed by Mr. Winter.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Birk's and Smith's Pigeon Match, for £50.—There was a moderate attendance of spectators present at Hyde Park, Sheffield, on December 21, to witness the exciting match, for £25 a side, between Mr. Thomas Birks of Sheffield, and Mr. William Smith, of Hemmingfield, near Wentworth, at 25 pigeons each, 21 yards rise, 1¼ oz. of shot; Hyde Park rules. Scout shooting was strictly prohibited; but we are sorry to say that a person named Dawson, well known in the pigeon shooting circles in this locality, after having been cautioned that scout shooting would not be allowed, promised he would not shoot at any bird that came over the fence; but, strange to say, when Mr. Birks shot at and killed his 22d bird, in our opinion, as well as that of the referee and spectators, the above-named individual deliberately shot at the bird, which was then ten yards within the limits. The referee (Mr. W. Bailey of Sheffield) was appealed to, and he gave his decision that Mr. Birks killed the bird, but his backer at once stated that, to prevent any dispute, he would shoot at another bird, which he killed. We subjoin the score. Mr. Birks finally won the match, killing the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d birds—total, 20 out of 23. Mr. Smith killed his 2d, 3d, 5th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23d, 24th, and 25th birds—total, 18 out of 25.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Defeat of Henry Reed.—At Salford Borough Gardens, Dec. 21, a crowd assembled to witness the contest between Reed and Greenwood. The distance to be run was 100 yards, for £25 a side. The long and successful pedestrian career of the once-renowned Henry Allen Reed of London is well known to many of our readers; and his opponent on this occasion was Elias Greenwood (alias the German Lad) of Manchester. The betting commenced at 5 to 4 on Greenwood, but, prior to starting, 2 to 1 was laid on Reed, and, certainly, neither lacked confidence as to the result. Reed won the toss for sides, and placed Greenwood on his right-hand side. Mr. Holden filled the office of referee, and, after a quarter of an hour's delay, they got off on excellent terms, Greenwood being about six inches in advance of his competitor. The race, from first to last, was a brilliant one, and ended in Mr. Holden declaring Greenwood to have won by half a yard, much to the astonishment of Harry Reed, the latter believing he had won. There was no question, however, but that Mr. Holden's decision was a just one, and this Reed in a moment afterwards admitted.

THE TURF.

IRISH TURF STATISTICS, 1857.

Owners.	No. of winners.	Races won.	Value won.
Mr. Quin	3	8	£1,303
Mr. St. George	3	5	1,235
Mr. Disney	2	4	995
Mr. Keegan	2	6	880
Mr. Bradshaw	1	2	786
Mr. Newcomen	1	6	680
Mr. Taylor	3	7	670
Capt. Burke	5	10	662
Mr. Maxwell	2	6	525
Lord Waterford	5	8	469
Mr. J. Dixon	2	4	450
Sir T. Burke	3	5	445
Mr. T. Foley	1	1	395
Mr. Keatinge	2	7	360
Mr. T. Verner	1	3	315
Mr. Jackson	1	3	315
Mr. P. Hoystead	1	3	£281
Mr. Dunne	3	5	273
Capt. Gray	2	2	260
Mr. Hughes	1	2	255
Mr. P. Davies	2	3	205
Mr. W. Kennedy	1	2	192
Mr. Roe	2	4	161
Major Wells	1	2	155
Mr. W. Orford	1	1	155
Mr. Courtenay	1	1	150
Capt. D. W. P. Beresford	2	2	145
Mr. Bryan	1	1	140
Mr. T. Atkinson	2	3	123
Mr. J. S. Forbes	1	1	105

WINNING HORSES.

	Age.	Races won.	Races lost.	Amount won.
Darling, by Annandale	2	3	0	£1,105
Knight of Malta, by Birdcatcher	2	3	4	810
Barbery, by Simoom	2	2	2	780
Gamekeeper, by Birdcatcher	6	6	7	680
Zaidee, by Bandy	2	2	3	660
Newton-le-Willows, by Melbourne	3	4	2	557
Agitation, by Corranna	3	4	5	550
Sweetcake, by Dough	2	2	4	460
Prizefighter, by Tearaway	3	4	7	420
Fireblast, by Simoom	4	3	3	395
Dunboyne, by Robert de Gorham	3	3	3	395
Trapper, by Birdcatcher	4	1	6	393
Sprig of Shillelagh, by Simoom	3	3	0	315
Lance, by Launcelot	4	3*	0	315
Remedy, by The Cure	3	6	9	300
Tattler, by Magpie	3	3	14	287
Arab Maid, by Bretby	5	3	9	281
Knockburn, by Turnus	2	2	0	255
Simpleton, by Tearaway	6	5	7	222
The Hawk, by The Bird	3	4	12	209
Altro, by Shawn Buidhe	3	2	5	192
St. Helens, by Mildew	3	3	8	190
Indian Warrior, by Napier	a	1	1	185
Sœur de Charite, by Cowl	2	2	8	180
Duneany, by The Flying Dutchman	2	1	0	175
Yeutick, by Tory Boy	5	5	10	168
Zillah, by Dough	3	1	7	160
Sam Spode, by King Dan	2	1	1	155
Lanky Bet, by Cossack	3	2	4	155
The Nore, by Don John	3	2	5	155
Eyrecourt, by Horne of Chase	2	2	2	150
Frailty, by Knight of the Whistle	3	1	1	150
Disowned, by Burgundy	5	2	10	147
Uncle Tom, by Dough	3	4	6	141
Ribbonman, by Harkaway	3	1	6	140
Sirocco, by Simoom	4	2	2	130
Sunshine, by Tearaway	4	2	6	123
Sunbeam, by Iago	3	2	9	117
Alfred, by Birdcatcher	4	2	17	114
Meigh Dair, by Harkaway	4	1	10	110
Citron, by Sweetmeat	4	1	5	105
The Chicken, by Magpie	5	1	8	105
Alcyone, by Robert de Gorham	5	2	6	105

STALLIONS.

	No. of winners.	Races won.	Value won.
Birdcatcher, by Sir Hercules	4	14	£2,900
Simoom, by Camel	6	12	1,738
Annandale, by Touchstone	1	3	1,105
Dough, by Tearaway	3	8	800
Tearaway, by Voltaire	3	11	765
Melbourne, by H. Clinker	3	6	667
Bandy, by Birdcatcher	1	2	666
Corranna, by Hymen	1	4	520
Robert de Gorham, by Sir Hercules	2	5	495
Magpie, by Young Blacklock	2	4	392
Launcelot, by Camel	1	3	315
The Cure, by Physician	1	6	300
Bretby, by Priam	1	3	281
Horn of Chase, by Harkaway	3	5	272
Turnus, by Taurus	1	2	255
The Bird, by Birdcatcher	1	4	210
Shawn Buidhe, by Verulam	1	2	192
Mildew, by Slane	1	3	190
Napier, by Gladiator	1	1	185
Cowl, by B. Middleton	1	2	180
Burgundy, by Ishmael	2	3	177
Flying Dutchman, by Bay Middleton	1	1	175
Trueboy, by Tomboy	1	5	162
Don John, by Tramp or Waveley	1	2	159
King Dan, by Philip the First	2	2	159
Cossack, by Hetman Platoff	1	2	155
Knight of the Whistle, by Velocipede	1	1	150
Sweetmeat, by Gladiator	1	1	105

Another Cricket Club in Newark, N. J.—Another of these admirable institutions has recently been organised in the above named city, under the title of the "New Jersey Cricket Club." They have enrolled some very promising young players, and are pretty confident of eventually becoming one of the most flourishing clubs of that city, which has long been famous for cricketers of the first water. They seem somewhat anxious to have a bout with the Long Islanders during the coming season, and would feel flattered by the reception of a notice of acceptance from that club. As our Long Island friends are ever ready to take up the gauntlet, we may consider that the match, Long Island vs. New Jersey club, as among the events to be.

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The CLIPPER and *Bell's Life* kept on file. 3 mos.-36

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Is his strength."

From the Sunday Dispatch, New York, Aug. 2d, 1857.

"Our readers are aware that we seldom, if ever, recommend any medical publication, if not endorsed by the very highest authority. As such an instance we may mention DR. CULVERWELL'S *new publication on Nervous Debility* and other *weaknesses*, the result of *early indiscretion*. It is a small but valuable Pamphlet. His preparations, the "REGENERATOR" and "NERVINE," are now considered the sole and only effectual remedies extant for the complaints referred to.

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LIFE AND BATTLES OF

TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER,

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN 1824.

From a work published in London in 1829.

THE amateurs, generally, pronounced the contest between Spring and Neat a bad battle. We must admit there was certainly a different sort of coloring visible in the fights between Gully and Gregson, and Cribb and Molineaux: to witness two big ones opposed to each other for upwards of a half an hour, and no mischief done, after riding nearly seventy miles, was not likely to give satisfaction to the admirers of downright milling. But the torrent of opinion was so strong in favor of Neat, both in Bristol and London, previous to the fight, on account of his tremendous hitting, as to carry away like a flood all kind of calculation on the subject. Spring was to have been smashed! smashed!! and nothing else but smashed!!! One hit was to have spoiled the science of Spring: two were to have taken the fight completely out of him! and the third to have operated as a *coup de grace*. Yes, and so they would, if chaffing over some heavy, light blue, or black ink, could have done it. Then why did not Neat smash Spring, as he did the Gas? We will endeavor to answer the question for the fallen Neat; because he had a man of his own size and weight opposed to him. He likewise found out he had a boxer of superior talent to himself pitted against him: one that was armed at all points; and not to be diverted or frightened from his purpose. His blows were not only stopped, but all his efforts to break through the guard of his antagonist were rendered of no avail. It was owing to the above circumstances that made the fighting of Neat appear so defective in the eyes of his friends and backers. He was "out-generaled;" and the fine fighting of Spring "laughed to scorn" all the "talked of" tremendous hitting of his opponent. In truth, Neat could not plant a single effective hit. In the fourth round, Neat asserts his arm received a serious injury, and one of the small bones was broken. We are sorry, very sorry, for this accident; but we have no hesitation in asserting, that Spring had won the battle before it occurred. Spring has also removed the libel from his character, that he could not make a dent in a pound of butter! It cannot be denied that Spring very soon made a hole in his opponent's head, and, from the conduct of the latter, it should seem that "one pill was a dose." To give punishment, and to avoid being hit, is deemed the triumph in the art of boxing. Randall was distinguished for this peculiar trait in all his battles. Spring adopted the same mode, and by so doing he did not disgrace his character as a boxer; on the contrary, he showed himself a safe man to back, and reduced success to a certainty. Spring called on Neat after the battle, whom he found in bed, and his arm put to rights by a surgeon. The latter said: "I am not beaten, but I lost the battle by the accident." Spring very generously made Neat a present of £10. Spring arrived in the town on Wednesday night, but he did not sport the colors of his adversary, until after he had quitted the town of Andover, and received the shouts and smiles attendant on victory from the populace in all the towns through which he passed. He had a slight black mark on his left eye and his arm was in a sling, one of the bones of his right hand having received an injury.

The abrupt conclusion of the battle produced sensations among the backers of Neat not easily to be described; and such coarse expressions were uttered by the disappointed ones, that we cannot give place to them in Boxiana. The Bristolians were outrageous in the extreme; a few of them positively acted like madmen; others were dejected, chap-fallen, with mugs as long as an arm and countenances full of grief. Neat was thought to be invulnerable by his countrymen, and also by the majority of sporting people throughout the kingdom; but a few silly persons, in their paroxysms of rage and disappointment, have pronounced the above event a cross.

That nature of bad news infects the teller,
When it concerns the fool or coward!

We pledge our reputation that it was no such thing; and we defy any individual to prove it a cross. Our work is open to every person, and he or they may depend upon a clear stage and fair play. But we must have names; no attacks in the dark. We feel anxious for the honor of the Ring; and no exertions on our part shall be wanting to preserve it. Tom Belcher and Neat both courted inquiry on the subject, and they are entitled to justice, when imputations are levelled at their characters. It was nearly the expressed opinion of the spectators of the fight, that if Neat had possessed "four arms" instead of two, he never would have conquered Spring. But, if any thing has been done wrong on either side the question, and it can be proved, we hope, for the benefit of the Sporting World, that those persons who have made the assertion it was a cross, will have the courage to come forward on the present occasion, and put the matter in so clear a point of view, as to remove the slightest imputation on the subject. Prize fighting was at a very low ebb before the above fight; but the battle between Spring and Neat it was thought might tend to restore it to its pristime national honor.

Wert thou as pure as snow, or chaste as ice,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

The editor of the Bristol Gazette made the following remarks on the above battle: "9. Here,—publish it not in Gath, tell it not among the Philistines—when time was called, Neat walked up, and instead of clenched fist, stretched out his hand to Spring. 'All up.' The Londoners shouted: the Bristolians looked glum: not the recollection of former victories by all the Pearces and Cribbs, and Gulleys, and Belchers, could for a moment revive them: every man looked at his neighbor with an inquiring eye; 'what does it all mean?' At last, a report ran that Neat had broken his arm in a fall. 'Pshaw, all my eye.' Mr. Jackson, the Commander-in-Chief, went round with a hat for a collection for the loser; he confirmed the report of the broken arm; whether this was the fact or not, remains to be proved; this however, was evident, that he neither fought with his accustomed courage nor skill. The battle lasted but thirty-seven minutes; neither of the men were otherwise hurt. Neat never attempted once to get in to his man; when Spring was at the ropes, he did not follow him as he might have done; he was all on the shy, and fell once with the shadow of a blow. Spring relied chiefly, there is no doubt, upon his superior wrestling, and was always eager for the hug; but Neat either had not quickness to keep him off, or wanted courage to strike. The sparring of Spring was much admired, but if Neat had had recourse to the smashing which he practiced on Hickman, Spring's science might have been puzzled. It is supposed that more money was lost by the Bristol boys than at any fight on record. The Londoners went chaffing home in fine style, whilst the return of the Bristol cavalcade was more like that of a long country funeral."

Spring has won nine battles; and only lost in his second fight with Painter. We understand, it was the intention of Spring to "tie up prize-milling" and attend to business but we have heard several men make so many promises in that respect, and afterwards, when it suited their purpose, break them with the utmost *sang froid*, that in future, we shall pay no attentions to such assertions. It is the opinion of some of the best and oldest admirers of pugilism, and among them, Sir Thomas Apprece, that the battle between Spring and Neat was a fine display of science; and also that Spring can beat any thing on the present list of public men; and he likewise is well deserving to be matched against England, with the greatest chance of winning.

On the first deposit of £50 being made good at the Castle Tavern, Hoborn, towards the above match, Spring offered to take Tom Belcher £100 to £20 that he drew the first blood; also that Neat did not knock him down during the battle; and, ultimately, he should win the fight. "So much do I care," said Spring, "for the hard hitting of Neat!" The events were all verified by Spring.

Mr. Jackson collected for the losing man, on the ground, £47 19s. The night previous to the battle, Spring, in company with his backer, walked from Andover, to take a view of the ground on which the battle was to take place, when Spring observed, "it was so beautiful a spot, that no man could grumble to be well licked upon it."

The newspaper reports respecting Mr. Sant, the backer of Spring, having won £7,000 on the event, is completely erroneous; also that Mr. Gulley had realized £10,000. Mr. G. did not win more than £100. It is true that Mr. J. Bland picked up a tidy stake; but it is false that Belcher lost a large sum of money upon the battle: Tom is too good a judge to risk too much of his blunt. So much for correct newspaper information out of the Fancy.

Painter left his house, at Norwich, on purpose to perform the office of second to Spring, it being a particular request of the latter boxer. Painter is as fat as an alderman, but he looks as healthy as a rose.

The wags of the Fancy, at the conclusion of the battle, proposed that the town of Andover, in future, should have the letter H *neat*-ly added to it, to stand thus—Hand over! in allusion to the great transfer of blunt on the above occasion. No doubt, proper attention will be paid to this alteration in the next edition of Paterson's Road Book. The late celebrated Horne Tooke, we are sure, would not have quarrelled with so clear a derivation.

Randall, Josh. Hudson, Holt, Cooper the Gipsey, Carter, Scroggins, Eales, and Brown, gave their assistance towards keeping a good ring. Ould Caleb Baldwin was also on the ground.

TO THE EDITOR.—My wife and myself will be much obliged by thy insertion in thy valvable paper of a few words, contradicting the absurd story, copied from a Bath and Cheltenham paper, of her having interfered to prevent the late battle between Spring and Neat; the whole of which is without the slightest foundation in truth or probability. I am respectfully, &c., JOSEPH FRY.

St. Mildreds' Court, 22d 5th Month, 1823.

In reply to the above chaunt, we have only to state, that a fine old lady of the Society of Friends, (we do not know her name,) with a couple of her daughters, came in their carriage, to the Angel, at Marlborough, during the time Neat was training. The two daughters remained in the carriage, at the door, while the old lady made her way into the Angel. She ascended the staire, and found Belcher in a room, sitting by himself, Neat having retired to change his clothes. Tom thought the lady had mistaken the apartment in the above Inn, till she addressed him: "Thy name is Belcher, is it not, friend?" "Yes, Madam," was the reply. Tom was in hopes to get rid of the lady before Neat returned; but she waited till the Bristol hero made his appearance. "I understand, friend Neat, thou art about fighting a prize battle. Dost thou not know it is very sinful? Be advised, friend, and give it up." Neat urged that he was bound in honor, and, that if he gave it up, he was likely to lose £500 by it. "What is £500, in comparison with thy poor soul? Think of that, friend. Give it up, I beg of thee, and I will see if the £500 cannot be raised for thee." After an expostulation of nearly two hours, impressed upon Neat with tears, the old lady retired without producing the desired effect. The Bristol hero, by way of consolation, thanked the old lady for the interest and kindness she had taken in his fate, and promised her that he would not fight any more.

The Bath Herald said: "The interest excited by the above battle in this city, surpassed anything of the kind ever before known. At the earliest dawn on Tuesday morning, every horse and every vehicle were in a course of requisition, and though the distance was full forty-five miles, hundreds of our natives, from the lofty baronet in his splendid barouche, to the humble knight of the cleaver on his ragged trotting pony, repaired to the spot which has thus become classic ground. In the evening, the streets were thronged with an anxious multide, assembld to catch the first tidings of the important event, and great was the dismay of the backers at long odds when it was announced."

It is utterly impossible to describe the anxiety which prevailed in the metropolis to learn the event of the battle on Tuesday evening. May, 20, 1823. Belcher's house was like a fair; Randall's crowded to suffocation; Holt's not room for a pin; Harner's overflowing; Shelton's like a mob; Eales overstocked; and Tom Cribb's out-and out with hang up visitors. Both ends of the town, East and West, were equally alive, and profited by the subject; and Hampshire has not had such a turn for nibbling the blunt, since the days when Humphries and Mendoza fought at Odiham. Thus has good been derived by thousands of persons not in any way connected with the event. Then why attempt to stop one of our oldest, noblest, and most generous of national sports? Several wagers were won in London after eight o'clock at night on Spring—so high did Neat stand in the estimation of public opinion.

To the Editor of a Sporting Paper:

SIR—I have been favored this day with a letter received by Mr. Jackson, and transmitted by the latter gentleman to me; a correct copy of which I have enclosed, and by inserting the same in your valuable paper of Sunday next, I shall consider it an obligation; and I beg leave further to state, that the enclosed letter, and the certificate in your possession from the superior surgeon, Mr. Cline, will, in some measure, remove that foul slander which has been unjustly heaped upon my character; and inform my friends and the sporting world in general, that my only desire is, the speedy recovery of my arm, to enable me once more to enter the ring with the great Champion of England. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, WM. NEAT.

Castle Tavern, May 28, 1823.

ANDOVER, May 26, 1823.

SIR—Having seen an account in the papers that there is to be a full meeting at the Tennis Court, on Tuesday, and that Neat is to show himself to the Fancy, I have taken the liberty of troubling you with this, knowing your established fame as the important Director, &c., &c., of the above place; I wish, through your assistance, to remove the stigma that is cast on Mr. Neat, owing to the many false reports that are in circulation relative to his accident. Now, sir, I am the humble individual who rendered him the first assistance, and discovered the fracture. My opinion was borne out by several surgeons who attended Mr. Neat during his stay in this place, the morning after the accident. The tension and inflammation was so great that twelve leeches were applied to his arm. I hope, sir, you will give every publicity to this; in so doing, you will oblige, sir, your obedient servant, RICHARD R. PERRY, Surgeon, &c.

To MR. JACKSON, Grosvenor-place.

BRISTOL, May 22, 1823.

SIR—By the last fight, on Tuesday, I may have been minus £150, or thereabouts, not one penny of which I will pay, till the doubts are fully cleared up to the satisfaction of his Bristol friends. Never did a man disgrace himself as Bill, by his not going into his man on the second round, when he had him in his power at the stakes. When did Neat break his arm? In what round? This fight is a dirty transaction; it cannot but be thought so; and, little as I am inclined to think you participate in it, still it will be necessary for you to give us an account in one of the papers, with your signature, of the cause of the loss of the battle. Neat no more had occasion to go to bed than myself. I much fear it will be impossible you can publish an account honorable to yourself, and that silence will be the only way in which this letter will be answered; if so, the only method we have of pursuing will be to publish it: may I be disappointed.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, THOMAS BAILEY.

I candidly confess, I no more think Neat broke his arm than you did yourself. Did Gully see Neat before the fight? T. B.

MR. THOMAS BELCHER, Castle Tavern, Holborn.

CASTLE TAVERN, HOLBORN, May 23, 1823.

MR. THOMAS BAILEY—*Sir:* I received a letter this morning from you, dated Bristol, but as you don't say where, I think it best to answer it through a paper read by all sporting gentlemen. I won't disgrace myself by answering questions which I consider to be an unfair attack on both myself and Neat, who, from an accident, unfortunately lost the battle. Whether you pay your debts or not, must be settled between yourself and the winners; I have lost my money, and shall pay it, and so will every man of honor; but you may do as you please.

Your humble servant, T. BELCHER.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WM. W. BUSH,

ONE OF AMERICA'S FIREMEN.

MR. BUSH was born at Lockport, N. Y.; is now 25 years of age—height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 170 lbs. He is styled by his friends the Champion Fireman of America, being possessed of great judgment and cool decision in cases of danger and accidents. Bush is in his glory at a fire, when he is in actual danger, or benefitting mankind. Time and time again has he run the risk of his own life in protecting that of others. He once jumped off a steamer in the middle of Lake Erie and saved a man that had fallen overboard. At a fire in Lockport he went into a building that was on fire, and dragged out two men that had suffocated and fell; he groped his way around on his hands and knees until he found them both, and rescued them from the flames. At a fire in Rochester, Bush lay under the ruins of a burning building some three hours, and two or three streams playing on the ruins. He was released, unhurt, to the gratification of those around. On one occasion, he happened to be in Cincinnati at a large fire on Walnut street, and was on the roof with two or three friends, when the roof gave away, and they were all badly injured; but Bush, who was the means of saving them, after he had escaped himself, went back and fastened a rope on them, one at a time, when they were dragged out by the citizens on the adjoining building. When they were all rescued, Bush made the rope fast to himself, and was dragged forth in safety, with a few bruises and scratches, as unconcerned as ever. At the time the Tremont House was burnt in Lockport, Bush was followed to the roof, some five stories high, by some friends, and the building was soon enveloped inside with the flames, so that they could not get down, and there was not a minute to lose. The boys with him were ready to jump off, and would have done so, had it not been for the presence of mind that Bush exhibited at the time; he sprang up and seized the rope from the flag-staff, made it fast, and had them lower themselves, one by one, going down last himself. At a fire that occurred on the 4th of July, 1856, at Lockport, Bush entered the building and werked like a man of iron in the very fire, so much so, that they played one stream of water upon him to keep him from being consumed; he worked away until the fire was conquered, and came out as good as new, with the exception of his hair being singed and burnt. He was amply rewarded by the citizens for this courageous act. It was wonderful to see a man undergo the fatigue, and exhibit such powerful endurance, as he did at that time. There is a project on foot by Bush's friends in St. Louis, to have a life-size portrait of him painted, to be presented to the San Francisco Fire Department. There are many anecdotes published of Bush's feats, which we do not furnish for the want of space. He is, also, a very clever sparrer, and always lends a helping hand at exhibitions in case it is needed. All in all, he has performed some strange feats in cases of danger.

THE FIRST RACE OF ETHAN ALLEN,

THE CELEBRATED TROTTING HORSE;

Or, Uncle Charles' "Dead Sure Thing."

"ATHAN ALLEN," now known all over the United States, as one of the fastest trotting stallions this country ever produced, was bred by Joel Holcomb, in Ticonderoga, N. Y., a little town on the borders of Lake Champlain, about twenty-five miles from the place where I now write, the scene of Ethan's first trot and Uncle Charles "dead sure thing." Joel is almost as well known over the country, as the horse he bred, and he loves fun as well as he ever did his mother's milk; and will ride through a dark night to enjoy a good joke; and by-the-by, Ethan would never have delighted the country with his perfection in horse flesh, had it not been for Joel's inherent love of fun; and how it came about that Ethan Allen was produced, shall be told in another place, for I must now go on to tell how Uncle Charles got a "dead sure thing."

Uncle Charles is of the old school of horseman, that don't believe a colt should be broken till he has arrived at horse-hood, and that a three year old could ever be brought to trot a mile in three minutes, was set down by him to be a thing utterly impossible, until as it happened, an old friend of his by the name of Billy Wait, who always has a stable full of trotters, came to him one cold winter's day, and informed him, very privately, of course, that he had one of the most astonishing three year olds in the world, and if he would borrow of a friend he named an independent time watch, they would go down on the ice, and see how fast the colt could trot. Now there was but one watch of that character in the whole town, and that, unfortunately for Uncle Charles, was a little out of condition; that is, it would not make good time, it was some seconds slow. However, the watch was got, and the colt was "timed," and such time as he made by that watch, I may be allowed to remark was "quite soon,"—at least, Uncle Charles thought so, and he accordingly opened his valves, and was ready to back Billy Wait's grey against any thing in the shape of a colt. And things went on in this way for some time, Billy Wait's grey being the main subject of Uncle Charles' talk of the long winter evenings; until one evening Joel in his perigrinations happened in town, and in the company of Uncle Charles, when of course, the grey was brought up. When Joel, more out of a spirit of deviltry, than with any thought of making a match, told Uncle Charles that he had just had a three year old die that could have beaten the "grey" out of sight, and that as the mare was dead, he would not mind matching him with a two year old. Uncle Charles was not long in making a match, so much to his liking; the money was put up and the day of the race named; unluckily for me, in that race, I was a friend of Uncle Charles. I had just returned to town as the match was made, and Uncle Charles let me into the secret of the time of Billy Wait's grey, and as he informed me in a whisper one of the "deadest dead sure things," that was ever had in the world, and all he regretted was that Joel's three year old was not alive that he might have the pleasure of beating him also.

I accordingly with other of Uncle Charles' friends, who were let into his "dead sure thing," invested on the race quite freely. After the match was made, Joel went home and began to test his little bay two year old, and to his astonishment he found the colt had a power of speed never before witnessed in one so young.

The day of the race at last arrived, and Billy Wait's grey and Joel's Little Bay were on the ice ready for the word, when they should start for the winning-post. I stood by Uncle Charles at the coming out point. Soon we saw Joel and his little horse coming in at a slashing pace. "Where is the Grey?" asked Uncle Charles, and so thought I. Soon he came in sight, and Humphry, who was driving the grey, was hurriedly asked by Uncle Charles if he got the word.

"Yes" said Humphry.

"Then what in h—ll is the matter?" said Uncle Charles.

"Matter enough," replied Humphry, "Joel's little bay cuss, can trot right over the top of this 'ere hoss."

Uncle Charles did not stop to hear any more, or see another heat, but he struck out a bee-line for home, and had got away about ten rods, when some one in the crowd called out "Uncle Charles! Uncle Charles!"

He stopped and looked around, when the same voice continued:

"If that three year old was only alive, Uncle Charles, we could get another 'dead sure thing.'"

That was more than the patience of Uncle Charles could stand, and he used the privilege to swear that is usually extended to the beaten, with a vehemence that was truly astonishing; and had his tormentor gone, where Uncle Charles in his wrath told him to go, I am quite sure he would have found it warmer there than it was on the ice that day when *Ethan Allen made his first race and beat Uncle Charles' "dead sure thing."* P. R.

Whitehall, N. Y., Dec. 28th, 1857.

[*American* (*N. Y.*) *Sentinel.*

DEBTS OF THE DIFERENT NATIONS IN 1857.

AMERICA.			
United States	$36,030,000	New Granada	$38,000,000
Bolivia	5,739,993	Guatemala	2,852,400
Brazil	59,481,600	Mexico	78,223,440
Chile	8,567,520	Peru	47,778,398
Eucador	18,321,600	Venezuela	18,187,200
EUROPE.			
Great Britain	$3,979,615,000	Holland	$480,396,337
France	1,665,000,000	Hanover	27,384,052
Austria	779,409,504	Nassau	4,080,000
Russia	1,199,315,563	Oldenburg	1,152,000
Prussia	156,867,240	Parma	2,841,600
Spain	695,217,926	Roman States	82,329,600
Portugal	91,789,440	Saxony	30,802,794
Sardinia	150,000,000	Saxe-Weimer	4,233,408
Turkey	75,000,000	Saxe-Meinengen	2,622,091
Bavaria	67,761,600	Saxe-Altenburg	1,702,675
Belgium	125,497,027	Saxe-Coburg Gotha	1,890,855
Baden	26,6 0,000	Sweden	2,160,000
Brunswick	4,659,929	Switzerland	768,000
Denmark	64,999,996	Wurtemburg	19,369,483
Frankfort	2,373,998		
Greece	39,600,000	**INDIA.**	
Hamburg	19,142,672	India	$220,399,169